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OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FREDA KIRCHWEY, MANAGING EDITOR — MARK VAN DOREN, LITERARY EDITOR

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

ROBERT HERRICK LUDWIG LEWISOHN NORMAN THOMAS

JOHN A. HOBSON H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN

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WE CANNOT WIND UP our comment on the election without a word of appreciation of the admirable way in which the press of the larger cities, notably of New York, reported the La Follette campaign—in the smaller towns suppression was often the rule. The sponsors of the new movement were fearful from the beginning that they would not receive adequate metropolitan reporting. They were agreeably disappointed. If there was some slackening in the last week, that was probably explainable by the belief that the campaign was over, and won and lost. Whether this changed attitude of the press was a fortunate result of the recent severe criticisms of our dailies, or due to a realization that there were millions behind La Follette and Wheeler and therefore additional circulation to be won, or whether it was owing to a recrudescence of fair play, it was so delightful a change as to warrant a hearty word of appreciation. Particularly the New York *Times* deserves thanks for its full reports.

A GREAT MANY CHICKENS were counted in the newspaper offices on the morning after election without waiting for the hatching. The chorus of rejoicing over the defeat of Smith W. Brookhart for United States Senator from Iowa was one of the largest and loudest choruses which New York ever raised over anyone from Iowa. It held the front pages and spilled over on to the editorial pages for three whole days—and on the fourth day small notes in obscure columns reported that Senator Brookhart had been reelected after all. Minnesota's choice took almost as long to determine, but in the end Magnus Johnson lost to former Representative Thomas D. Schall, running as a regular Republican. Schall, however, is about as regular as Senator Borah. Complete returns show the Republicans much stronger than in the last Congress, but the Old Guard will have no easy sailing—the Republicans will have 55 or 56 seats in the Senate, which is enough to take the balance of power out of the hands of the out-and-out Progressives (La Follette, Norris, Ladd, Frazier, and Brookhart); but whenever Couzens or Schall or MacMaster or Capper or Borah or any of the mild Progressives join them they, with the aid of the Democrats, will be able to tip the scales. Much the same situation prevails in the lower house.

JUDGE LINDSEY was reelected in Denver after all, despite the Klan sweep which gave Colorado two Republican Senators and turned Governor Sweet out of office. Klan referenda intended to close the parochial schools were defeated in Washington and in Michigan, but it elected most of its candidates in Texas, and it showed the power of its teeth in Oklahoma, Kansas, and Indiana. Women seem to have been elected to State legislatures as never before, and two wives of former governors become chief State magistrates, but Congress has to content itself with its usual one lone woman. Mrs. Norton of Jersey City is the fifth woman to be elected to the House, but no two of them have been triumphant at the same polling. In the East the Klan showed no strength at all. Indeed the two outstanding rocks of opposition to the Republican tidal wave were the magnificent votes cast for Governor Smith in New York and for Senator David I. Walsh in Massachusetts. Senator Walsh was defeated by 10,000 votes, but he ran more than 400,000 votes ahead of John W. Davis. It is plain that in any but a tidal-wave year his State would prove its affection by electing him, and it is to be hoped that he will soon have an opportunity to fill the seat which Senator Lodge's death vacates. Massachusetts showed a mood of reaction too; it overwhelmingly defeated the child-labor amendment.

EUROPE'S POLITICAL POT is boiling again. The electoral triumphs of the conservatives in England and the United States have given fresh courage to continental reactionaries just when fascism's course seemed run and its normal crop of chaos seemed ripe for the reaping. In Italy General Peppino Garibaldi, grandson of the great Garibaldi, has challenged Mussolini to a duel because of a fascist attack upon unarmed ex-soldiers; in Spain Primo di Rivera is losing the little grip he had upon that unhappy country. He has arrested many of the heads of the Opposition, but the country is turning against him. Germany, meanwhile, is in the throes of a new national election, following only seven months on the heels of the last, and monarchist restoration is again in the forefront of Bavarian

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discussion—there is small doubt that the Bavarians are ready for it, but fear of the Allies deters. MacDonald's fall weakened his liberal ally Herriot in France. On the eve of the British election Herriot recognized Soviet Russia; two weeks later he made a new treaty, this time with J. P. Morgan and Co. The French Government is to get a loan of $150,000,000, in return for which it promises to follow a "conservative fiscal policy." Herriot is now at grips with the budget, the severest test of French statesmanship. Millerand's hot pronunciamentos are not likely to hurt him, but his own supporters may shy at the tax burden which he will find necessary.

MORGAN'S LOAN TO FRANCE reveals once more the dominant part being played in Europe by American bankers. "Wall Street dictated the terms to the French Government," says the New York *World's* Paris correspondent, "obliging it to follow a conservative financial policy, much as it obliged the London Reparation Conference to accept its conception as to how the Dawes Plan should be put into operation." "Wall Street's" influence is also evident in Austria and Germany. A general strike on Austria's railways has stopped all but food trains, and the Government, although many of its members sympathize with the strikers' demands, has resigned, because to increase the railwaymen's wages would endanger fulfilment of the Geneva program, under which the international bankers granted Austria her reconstruction plan. Such situations are likely to recur. Indeed there is already threat of a German railway strike, and reports indicate the dire need of the workers. Henceforth in such struggles the workers are likely to find lined up against them not only their own employers and their own governments, but the enormous power of international finance. Unfortunately, Europe judges America by the decisions of our bankers.

STANLEY BALDWIN'S NEW CABINET is as good as a Tory Cabinet could well be. Indeed there are names in it that give hope that an English tradition, of letting the Tories realize the reforms for which their opponents have fought, may be revived. Neville Chamberlain, who was offered the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer, has taken instead the lesser office of Minister of Health, with the announced determination at last really to do something about housing. The erratic Winston Churchill takes the position which Chamberlain declined, a guaranty that Baldwin does not intend to return to the policy of protection which lost the 1923 election. Churchill may have shifted in every other principle he ever had, but he remains true to free trade; his enormous vanity is appeased by his assumption of the office his father abandoned forty years ago. Lord Curzon and the Marquis of Salisbury, die-hards both, receive purely ornamental positions, Austen Chamberlain taking over Curzon's task in foreign affairs. Indeed there appear to be fewer peers in this than in MacDonald's Ministry. Austen Chamberlain, who was out of the last Tory Ministry because of his coalitionist sympathy; Churchill, whom Baldwin fought at a bye-election only six months ago; and Baldwin will be the dominant triumvirate. The nominations of Lord Birkenhead as Secretary for India and of Mr. Amery as Secretary for the Colonies portend trouble in the Empire; but among the more encouraging names is that of Lord Eustace Percy as President of the Board of Education.

STEPHEN V. GRAHAM, U. S. N., is captain of the Brooklyn Navy Yard but he talks like a radical:

> It does not require a very exhaustive review of history to show that business has been the underlying cause of every war that has ever been fought. Humanitarian causes have always been given prominence during a war, for the purpose of stimulating the zeal and patriotism of the participants, and in recorded history after a war, because it appears too sordid to record that the great devastation of war has been only on account of business.

This appears in a Navy-Day article printed in *Brooklyn*, the organ of the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce. Captain Graham continues:

> The very life of the world is so organized that business is its prime necessity. Without business how should we live? Can anyone conceive of the condition that would prevail if there were no business in the world? What is more natural than that wars should be fought on account of business? . . . Make it your business to see that your business is protected by the only means that can adequately protect it, that is, by an adequate navy.

Business makes all wars, and that is right and fitting; therefore, we should have a bigger navy. It's curious logic.

THE OFFENSIVELY NATIONALISTIC and illiberal character of the program drawn up for American Education Week, November 17 to 23, was the subject of editorial comment in our issue of October 1, and we are glad to see that the sponsors of the movement were called sharply to account by a large number of educators, while the Young Women's Christian Association, which took part in two previous programs, declined to do so this year. Some of the program, the association said, "seemed to be inconsistent with the position of the board in relation to world peace and international cooperation." John J. Tigert, United States Commissioner of Education, has been especially criticized for apparently allowing the American Legion to dictate the character of an effort which should be entirely beyond partisan manipulation. Charles W. Eliot, president-emeritus of Harvard University, is among those expressing disapproval of parts of the program for American Education Week. In a letter on the subject he wrote:

> The red flag is a symbol in some nations, and perhaps in some communities, of all the woes described in the program, but denunciation of it does not seem to me appropriate in the government's program for American Education Week. Indeed, it ought not be mentioned in the same section with the flag of the United States.
>
> There is an objectionable inference under the heading of "Illiteracy Day." Is it only illiterates who become "a tool of the radical"? It seems to me that the educated are quite as apt as the uneducated to depend on second-hand, and therefore inaccurate, information.

IN THE WINTER OF 1922, Wallace W. Atwood, the newly elected president of Clark University, stopped a lecture before the student body by Scott Nearing. His action was followed directly by the resignation of several of the strongest professors on the faculty and by a loss both in morale and in numbers among the students. And now, two and a half years after the event, comes a report by a committee of the American Association of University Professors which condemns Mr. Atwood both in regard to the Nearing incident and in his policy of attempting to change the academic character of the university without consultation with or support from the faculty. The com-

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mittee, which consisted of Arthur O. Lovejoy of Johns Hopkins, John M. Brewer of Harvard, Robert K. Root of Princeton, and H. S. White of Vassar, says:

> Voluntary student organizations for intellectual purposes, for the study of social problems, or for becoming acquainted with contemporary political and social movements, especially those current among social groups other than that to which most American college students belong, ought to be encouraged in every possible way; they are among the most welcome evidences that a student body is both intellectually and morally alive. . . . Dr. Atwood, however, expressly holds that a less degree of freedom of speech on public questions should obtain in universities than in the community at large; the process of education seems to him so delicate and mysterious and the danger so great that the minds of university students will be infected with error through even a single brief exposure to it, that an open forum where all kinds of ideas may be aired, though useful elsewhere, is inadmissible in a university. He conceives it, in short, to be a function of a university to protect students against even hearing doctrines which to the president or faculty seem pernicious; and consequently regards it as an important part of the duty of a university executive to act as a chief of quarantine with respect to political, sociological, and economic ideas.
>
> Such a conception seems to the committee to betray a failure to understand either the spirit of a university or the ordinary workings of human nature.

THE COMMITTEE is no less severe in passing upon Mr. Atwood's general administrative policy than in commenting upon the Nearing incident. It admits that the new president of Clark found himself faced with serious financial difficulties. But instead of building upon the foundations already laid, the trustees, without the knowledge of the faculty, adopted the policy of eliminating or reducing several of the existing departments in order to establish a new School of Geography, of which President Atwood is head and to which more than 30 per cent of the departmental funds are devoted. The trustees and president defended this as enabling Clark to make a new and distinctive contribution in a field where it would not be in competition with larger and wealthier institutions, but the committee thinks that the presumption against so radical a change was strong, and that it has not been justified by success:

> The present position of the university, with respect to its post-graduate departments, is inferior to that which it held in 1919-20, and has lost much of the character which once constituted its special distinction. That matters of educational policy should not be decided by a lay governing board of a university without ascertaining the opinion of the educational staff is a usually accepted principle; if it were commonly disregarded the future of American higher education would not be hopeful. . . .

"TAX NOT THE ROYAL SAINT with vain expense" began Wordsworth in a marvelous sonnet directed against those who lamented the money wasted in the building of magnificent churches, and, agreeing with the poet, we have no theoretical objection to cathedrals. Nevertheless when Bishop Manning renews his drive for the $12,000,000 still necessary to complete the Cathedral of St. John the Divine on Morningside Heights we do not kindle as we should. We do not kindle partly, perhaps, because we cannot quite see the fire-eating bishop as the saint of Wordsworth's line. Some day when mankind is once more united in a common faith, temples may rise again as they rose before, soaring and beautiful, but the creed of Bishop Manning, aristocratic and bitterly partisan, is fortunately the creed of too small a part of the American nation to endow with meaning the vast fabric of a cathedral. Doubtless he and his little group have money and to spare—enough to build a dozen temples in the best of imitation gothic—but millions whose religion is warmer, kindlier, and more humanitarian will remain outside. His cathedral will lack the only thing which has ever made a cathedral great—the united soul of a people.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, in creating for Robert Frost a life fellowship by the terms of which he is required to do nothing more than remain in residence and write poetry, has done a handsome and liberal deed at the same time that it has assumed a rather formidable responsibility. It has subsidized an artist of the finest quality in a day when such subsidies are all too rare—when the institution of the private patron seems dead beyond revival and when the question of subsidy by the state is at best but feebly discussed. But what shall be its attitude toward Mr. Frost, who so eminently deserves the favor bestowed upon him? It is to be hoped that there will be no attitude at all. Ann Arbor's business henceforth is to let Mr. Frost alone—to dine him very seldom, give him no work to do, make no complaint when he is not productive, and above all refrain from suggestions as to the kind of poetry he shall write. Even the best of institutions, and the University of Michigan is a good university, are capable of censorship when they least suspect it. Pressure can come from the gentlest of academic atmospheres, and the wildest poet there can grow too tame. Mr. Frost is anything but a wild man, yet he has a character. Ann Arbor will prove worthy of its trust if in keeping hands off that character it shows itself superior to individual patrons, who are always capricious, and to states, which are sometimes stupid.

WITH PLEASURE we record the giving of a testimonial dinner in New York on November 14 to Mrs. Florence Kelley, so long secretary of the National Consumers' League. No tributes could adequately portray the public-spirited service that Mrs. Kelley has rendered, not only to the League, which she has served as secretary for twenty-five years, but to a host of other good causes. In such a discouraging political hour as we have just lived through it is especially heartening to be reminded not only of the devotion of such as Mrs. Kelley, but of her extraordinary record of actual practical achievement. The truth is that no one has any right to be discouraged as long as we have such patriots as this. The daughter of a distinguished father who served his country well in Congress, Mrs. Kelley has approached every problem with wisdom and understanding and has faced every public issue without fear. As a result she has at times been honored by the criticisms of the super-patriots and the would-be blood-letters, most of whom are not worthy to touch the hem of her skirt, into whose narrow brains there can enter no true conception of the amount of patriotism and devotion it takes to give one's self year in and year out to the unending grind of fighting with inadequate means for a great cause. When the professional patriots have long since been forgotten the name of Florence Kelley will be cherished with increasing gratitude and appreciation by the numerous groups which she has served so faithfully without thought of self.

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Why Should the Democratic Party Survive?

THE more one studies the election returns the clearer emerges the desire of the average business man to be let alone in order to sink himself completely in the making of money. From this point of view the voter was right in turning to the Republican Party, for Mr. Coolidge typifies what this state of mind desires; hundreds of thousands voted for him because of his negative qualities and characteristics, because they believed that he would do nothing and accomplish nothing. There was very little enthusiasm for the President personally, according to the daily press, and victory parades were few, which may perhaps be explained by a discounting in advance of the Republican success. Mr. Coolidge's reported determination not to call an extra session of Congress but to mark time for a whole year will undoubtedly be a popular decision. We are witnessing, for the moment, the apotheosis of stand-pattism, the exalting of one-man government, without the unpleasant features usually attending upon fascism. In the record-breaking stock sales and the evidences of a boom in industry the Republicans, from Mr. Coolidge down, find the most gratifying results of their victory.

The one-sidedness of that victory brings with it, however, its own dangers to the victors. The Republicans have won tremendous victories before, as in 1888 and in 1920, only to lose much ground within the next two years. Their margin of control of the Senate is still too narrow to make it possible for them to ride rough-shod. Already, therefore, the Coolidge machine is at work further to strengthen its hold upon Congress in the election two years hence. But as to that there will be factors operating during the interim which not even Mr. Coolidge or Mr. Butler can control—we refer particularly to economic conditions abroad, and these, despite the Dawes Plan and its excellent beginning, are far from being satisfactory. Short after-election booms are not unknown in our business history because of the holding up of orders prior to election. For lasting prosperity there must be wider and sounder bases. At present there are too many deep-seated symptoms of business ill-health to make it likely that they can all be waved aside as if by a magic wand because Mr. Coolidge is to have four years more in the White House. A party which bases its appeals upon its ability to create prosperity pays a high price when prosperity lags. But for the present the business man is wholly wedded to the Republican Party. The question is even to be asked whether we are not today in far more danger of one-party government in America than government by three parties.

All of which brings up anew the question of the Democratic Party. Why should it survive? We are aware, of course, that the New York *Times* heralds the election as proof of the triumph of the two old parties and their system, and that the *World* is complacent in its belief that the Democratic Party will survive because nothing can shake the hold of that party upon the South. The *World's* attitude on this issue was one of the curiosities of the campaign, quite enough to cause Joseph Pulitzer to turn many times in his grave. For it can be demonstrated by endless citations from its own editorial columns, in the days of Cleveland and later, that the Democracy in the South, buttressed as it is by a grave violation of the Constitution, by fraud, chicanery, and deceit, is an impossible stumbling-block to its progress as a party. Upon no such foundation can a liberal party be built, not even if the South purges itself of the K. K. K. No; the Democracy of today consists only of the Irish Catholic city groups, the advocates of the League of Nations, and the Southerners. Each year the latter are less and less Democrats at heart, and, by reason of economic changes, more and more eager to divide normally rather than upon the outworn issue of Negro domination—a news service reports efforts to form a political-economic bloc in the South to back President Coolidge.

The fact is that the Democratic Party is practically wiped out beyond the Mississippi River. Taking seventeen of the States west of that river, including Minnesota but omitting Missouri, which is naturally one of the border States, the amazing fact develops that the Progressive Party, which came into being on July 4 last, polled in these States in round figures 1,829,000 votes, while the historic Democratic Party with its long-created machinery polled only 957,000 votes—about one-half as many, and 364,000 votes less than Governor Cox polled in the same States in 1920. In California Mr. Davis's vote was one-fourth that of Mr. La Follette. In only five of these seventeen States did Mr. Davis obtain more votes than Mr. La Follette. Taking the country as a whole, the figures show how ridiculous was the charge made by the frightened *World* in the last week of the battle that La Follette was wrecking the Davis campaign. In only nine small States did the combined La Follette and Davis vote exceed Coolidge's; the forty-two electoral votes of these States would not have affected the result had they been placed in the Davis column. Even if it be granted that many voters were frightened into supporting Coolidge through fear of La Follette, it is still impossible honestly to allege that the third party elected Coolidge. On the other hand, the true measure of the wreck of the Democratic Party lies in the fact that Davis carried only one State more than Cox did. Practically, Davis carried only the Southern States that had nowhere else to go. Why should the Democratic Party survive? What function can it fulfil?

Obviously, the only excuse that can be put forward for continuing it is the hope that another Grover Cleveland or Woodrow Wilson may breathe the breath of life into the corpse. The Baltimore *Evening Sun*, a Democratic newspaper, has just shamed the devil and told some refreshing truths about its party. The Democracy, it says,

> has become an inchoate grouping of men of many minds on important matters. What little coherence it has is given not by devotion to any fixed principle or political action, but solely by the desire of professional politicians . . . to get as close to the feed-bag as possible. The differences of opinion which developed at the New York Convention . . . are ample to demonstrate that the party has no chart to guide its course.

True. The Democratic Party is deservedly wrecked because it is without principle. Indeed, its speakers were so wholly without a program as to be compelled to mouth the most commonplace generalities and platitudes—they appealed for honesty, virtue, humanity, and good-will abroad *ad nauseam*. Even Mr. Davis had nothing concrete to offer that

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really stirred the imagination or inspired his listeners. It is very easy for people to say that the Democratic Party is now going on triumphantly. Who is going to direct it? The *World* admits that Mr. Davis cannot, and Governor Smith we believe to be too canny to allow the party to be wished upon him, as some are already trying to do. Whatever receiver is finally found, he will take the party over bankrupt financially as well as morally. With the internal dissensions—between its Catholics and its anti-Catholics, between its Southerners and its Northerners, between its progressives and its conservatives, between its tariff reformers and its high protectionists, between its imperialists and its anti-imperialists—entirely unhealed, the receiver will have to deal daily with stupid and visionless if not corrupt bosses of the type of Brennan and Taggart, who do not object to the Democracy as a minority party because they batten on the many privileges a minority party obtains. Why try to reorganize and resurrect any organization like this? It would be infinitely better for the Southerners to form their little bloc and flock by themselves, and to let the progressive Democrats come over to the new party which furnished the only vitality, the only enthusiasm, the only really forward-looking platform of the campaign.

Our Claims Against Germany

ONE of the most important conferences of the post-war period is now going on in Paris. It was called among the Allied Powers and the United States to supplement the London Conference on the Dawes Plan, for the purpose of distributing the industrial and railroad bonds to be issued by Germany in execution of that plan.

For the United States the conference is of the utmost importance. The Secretary of State has announced that we are making a claim for $500,000,000 of these bonds, half to cover the cost of our Rhine army and half to cover the claims now being settled by the Mixed Claims Commission in Washington. We make this claim under Part XI of the Dawes Plan, which provides that

> the sums denoted above comprise all amounts for which Germany may be liable to the Allied *and Associated* Powers for the costs arising out of the war, including reparation, restitution, all costs of *all* armies of occupation, clearing-house operations, . . . commissions of control and supervision, etc. Whenever in any part of this report or its annexes we refer to treaty payments, reparation amounts payable to the Allies, etc., we use these terms to include all charges payable by Germany to the Allied *and Associated* Powers for these war costs.

This journal in its issue of June 4, 1924, was the first to suggest that in view of the fact that the Dawes Plan imposed an absolute maximum of payments to be exacted from Germany over a long period of years, the United States must for the payment of its claims share in the so-called Dawes bonds, or forego their collection for at least two generations. It will be recalled that our share of the Rhine army costs, which was paid in full into the reparation fund by Germany, was appropriated by the Allies, and that when we demanded our share we were told by Poincaré that as we had not signed the Treaty of Versailles we were not entitled to be reimbursed. Maintaining the position that our demands did not depend on the treaty, but on the fact that the service was rendered to the Allies, the Secretary of State obtained a compromise by which we were to share to a limited extent in *future* payments to be effected by Germany.

The Dawes Plan requires a revision of this compromise to the extent of substituting German bonds for the paper agreement with the Allies. And now, under the Dawes Plan, we include a proper demand for the payment of our pecuniary war claims against Germany. We did not insist upon this claim at London, evidently because of an apprehension that it might give France an excuse to break up the conference. Now we advance the claim in Paris, and although Germany is anxious that we be paid we are informed that France will oppose our claim.

It is to be hoped that the Secretary of State will successfully defeat any such opposition. But for the United States, France would not have had one cent of reparations; yet when we demand our modest share of the Dawes bonds, as provided for in the Dawes Report, we are informed that as we did not sign the Treaty of Versailles we are not entitled to reparations. The New York *Times*, overlooking the fact that Germany has already paid $5,000,000,000, and asserting in the face of the Dawes Report that we "declined to take any responsibility in making Germany pay" —how more could have been extracted from Germany its editors do not suggest—seems to criticize our position by asserting that our "just claim" will cause us to be hated. This is a remarkable position for an American newspaper to take. The Allies since 1919 have ignored and even thwarted the interests of the United States. They have sought to influence us to confiscate the private property held by the Alien Property Custodian, contrary to American tradition and interests. The fact that the Allies confiscated private enemy property elicited a resolution of the International Law Association at Stockholm denouncing the practice as "a relic of barbarism worthy of the most severe condemnation."

It is time for the Department of State to do some plain speaking.

Our Own Vikings

THE U. S. S. Trenton has been sent north by the Navy Department to look for the long overdue Leiv Eiriksson and her crew of modern vikings who, it is feared, have been either lost in the Arctic ice or driven to take refuge at some obscure point whence no word can be dispatched for perhaps many months. The Leiv Eiriksson is only a tiny sloop in which three amateur sailors set sail from Norway early last July to follow the path of the original vikings by way of Iceland and Greenland to North America. The adventurers thus setting out were William Washburn Nutting, Arthur S. Hildebrand, writer, and Eric Todahl, painter. They made the trip safely as far as Julianshaab, Greenland, leaving there for Labrador on September 8. The distance is not much over 500 miles, and in any ordinary circumstances should not have taken even a small sailboat more than a couple of weeks, but the date of departure was rather late for crossing Davis Strait, and the polar ice may have reached out and trapped the voyagers, leaving no hope of survival unless by escape over the floes to land.

The voyage of the Leiv Eiriksson is only one of several brave adventures in small boats with which the imagination of wall-bound city dwellers has been haunted lately. The November number of *Yachting* contains the first part of the

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story of Frederic Jay Wells, who with his father and a few others undertook this same viking journey almost simultaneously with the Nutting party. Indeed, Mr. Wells recounts meeting Mr. Nutting in Bergen, sailing thence only a few days after the Leiv Eiriksson. Mr. Wells and his party made a successful crossing by way of Iceland, Greenland, and Labrador in a 47-foot yawl-rigged vessel called the Shanghai, but they were driven on the rocks of the Nova Scotia coast in the hurricane that blew up out of the Caribbean late last August. The Shanghai was lost, although all aboard were able to clamber up the cliffs to safety.

These viking voyages have especially captivated the imagination of the public because the route is the same as that described in such detail in newspapers at the time of the world flight of our army airplanes, but they are only instances of a kind of adventure which seems to have gripped individuals in all parts of the world in the last few years. From 1914 to 1918 the European War drew into it, willy-nilly, about all the lust of danger of which the world was capable; but six years have flown by since the armistice, and human hardihood is demanding new outlets from the mechanistic civilization to which most of humanity finds itself bound. Hence the especial fascination of voyages to the remotest of the South Seas, or of trips through Arctic ice in the path of the vikings. Only this year, too, Alain Gerbault, a Frenchman, accomplished the remarkable feat of sailing alone across the Atlantic Ocean in a small boat. After terrific experiences with gales and unruly seas he brought his craft into New York harbor, where he began fitting it for a voyage around the world. In this latter ambition he is essaying to follow in the wake of Captain Joshua Slocum, whose achievement a quarter of a century ago, when he sailed alone around the world in his little yawl Spray, stands as the most remarkable adventure in single-handed seamanship of which we know. Captain Slocum owed his success partly to the excellence of the boat, which he himself built and rigged, and partly to his skill and resourcefulness as a sailor. But neither one nor the other was proof against fate, for he sailed away on another voyage from which no word has ever come back.

These long voyages in small boats through tumultuous seas are not only making interesting epics of the ocean; they are leading adventurous souls to study and build craft especially adapted to them. The Shanghai, of which we have already spoken, was built in the port of that name by a group of young Danes, who then proceeded to sail their boat around the Cape of Good Hope to their native land. The desire of amateur sailors for more seaworthy small boats is leading designers away from the old smooth-water, fair-weather models and back to the days when all ocean voyages were made by sail, mostly in what nowadays would be regarded as ridiculously small vessels. Thus in yachting we are getting further and further from the saucer-hulled defenders of the America's Cup, which so long dominated the construction of our pleasure boats. The closing of the famous Herreshoff boat-building yard at Bristol, Rhode Island, recently was more than the end of a famous plant. It was the end of an idea—of an era—in yachting. The idea was splendidly suited to the particular end in view—the defense of the America's Cup—but it was a blight upon the development of seaworthy pleasure boats. Fortunately the old human craving for adventure by water—as strong today as when the vikings made their voyages—has turned us back toward a craft more worthy of our spirit.

Burning Forests

FOREST fires are an American invention. Those appalling holocausts which sweep bare mile after mile of ancient forest, driving the frightened animals before them, darkening the sky by day and turning the sun into a dull red ball, lighting up the sky by night, are unknown in Europe. There they know that wood is too precious. Here we are beginning to learn it. The prohibition of hunting in a dozen States this autumn is indication that at last we are awakening to the menace and are ready to put public interest above private pleasure.

We have been lavish with our resources; forests seemed cheap and abundant. Our great American pastime—camping—has lent itself to the work of destruction. Campers, who should most cherish the woodland which gives them their joy, are often least careful. They build bonfires where small fires would do their cooking better and be safer; they neglect to dig away the leaves about their fireplaces; they leave the embers smoldering. The campers must learn better. It is a glorious thing that along with the increasing urbanization of America has gone a great movement to open up country playgrounds. The national forests and State forests which have been set aside in recent years, largely to protect the watersheds, have become at the same time summer playgrounds for millions of city-dwellers. Automobiles have brought close to the cities regions hitherto inaccessible. New York now has two million acres of State forests and parks; Pennsylvania a million; Michigan, South Dakota, and all the New England States have set aside some of their choicest mountainsides. New York's voters at the last election authorized the expenditure of $17,500,000 more to buy and develop State parkland. Three States are cooperating to make a park of the deep valleys and wild mountains of the Taconics, where New York, Massachusetts, and Connecticut meet. Already the weird bluffs and lovely tarns of Montauk, the tip of Long Island, have been saved for the people.

Close observation by national and State foresters is rescuing much forest land which a decade ago would have been lost. New York newspapers this autumn carry daily reports from the State foresters of both large and small forest fires in the State. A few years ago many of these would have done their irreparable damage unnoticed. The berry-pickers who used to burn the hilltops every third year in order to avoid the shade which ruined their crops today would not dare admit the crime which was recently a matter of course. Fire protection has become so much a recognized industry that there are sinister rumors of fires set by men eager for jobs as fire-fighters.

We still cut each year, in the United States, four times as much timber as is reproduced, but the work of reforestation has begun. The carefully supervised national forests—160,000,000 acres of them—now show a slight balance of receipts over expenditures. Even the cities are beginning to have their own forests. Fitchburg, Massachusetts, has begun to make its forest pay. Rochester, Gloversville, and Glens Falls, N. Y., have their city forests, and those who have strolled through the beautiful city forests of German towns know how much they may add to a city's resources. Within another decade, although the South and West will still be deforesting themselves, the East may be gaining on itself. The next generation of American small boys will not be without woods in which to play Indian.

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What Every Veteran Knows

By A. HAMILTON GIBBS

THE date of the next war has been variously set for 1929, 1934, and 1939. As, of course, it is going to be a world war the question of who will declare it against whom is unimportant.

What matters is what we are going to do about it—"we" meaning you and I, individual citizens. The last one as the war to end war was a conspicuous failure. The admission of this failure was made on Armistice Day. Since then the proof of the evaporation of whatever will to peace there was can be partly found in the purely physical expression of death rays, amphibious tanks that are faster than cavalry, and gas bombs that will exterminate cities. Then, too, there is oil. At the moment it is underground in more senses than one. But economically and psychologically we are in *status quo*, and a little bit more so.

They sprung that last show on us too quickly. Most of us hadn't time to do any thinking. Only those who were on the inside were able to jump to cover. The rest were in from the drop of the hat. But from now on the other fellow isn't going to do our thinking for us. In case the next war should break in five or ten years from now, we have got comfortable time to decide whether we shall be brigadier generals, profiteers, or temporary members of a government prison.

That is the purely personal equation. The wider and really important aspect of the problem is whether we shall let it happen at all.

Supposing the show should begin in 1949. How would you like that corking little boy of yours to be the Unknown Soldier of the next war? Incidentally, do you think he would like it any more than you would have? Of course now the Unknown Soldier is enviably enshrined in marble in the capitals of many nations; and statesmen and generals bear him official wreaths and orations—which is as it should be. But before that the Unknown Soldier, lousy and soul-battered, went over the top and stopped a shell. The chances are that he didn't die at once. He probably lay there for hours, pursuing his motionless way through aeons of pain, calling on Jesus to put him out of his agony and let him die. . . . In the last show, you remember, you and I passed hundreds of them as they lay screaming and disemboweled. We hadn't time to stop and try to bandage them. There was a war on and so we had to pretend not to hear them. But we still can at night sometimes.

So I say again, what are we going to do about it, you and I who know that war is "the bunk"? Something or nothing? Are we going to remain inert and let another generation fester and rot in shell holes while we, with sadistic sorrow, salute the flag and say: "I have given my son!"?

If anybody has read thus far, I can imagine him saying: "Who is this fellow? What does he know about it, anyway?"

I can only refer him to the English military records which show that I was in France in 1914 as a private and, after four and a half years fighting on various fronts, was demobilized as a major of artillery with a trifling disability on account of being gassed and a souvenir in the form of a silver cross that was pinned to my chest by His Britannic Majesty in one of the somewhat crowded rooms of Buckingham Palace—a rather more trying experience, in some ways, than the *strafe* which got me the cross.

It will be admitted, therefore, that I am, unimaginably enough, what is known as a veteran of the World War; one of those young-old persons into whose hands a rifle was thrust with the words: "Go out and fight, hero!"—young enough then to believe that I was helping to end war by fighting, old enough now to know better.

One of my numerous brothers was a war correspondent. He was honest enough, in writing an introduction to a war book that I wrote immediately after the armistice, to say that although my protest voiced the opinion of millions of fighting soldiers, still that protest was incoherent; that neither they nor I had found the answer.

He was right.

But six years have elapsed since then. We've had time to let our experience crystallize, to let all the emotional froth blow away, and to be able to assume a thoughtful, reasoned attitude toward this next war which, we are told calmly, will wipe out civilization. Personally I think that is entirely absurd. The economic system, as we now know it, may go to smash. A number of so-called sovereign states may lose their sovereignty. But civilization, which wrung its hands a few years ago at the cry of Armageddon and bemoaned the youth of the world lying dead on the battlefields of France, is still humping along, and still will be long after the conclusion of the next war.

The point that I wish to make is that apart from its being a repetition of wholesale murder, the next war is not only a waste of time, a completely unintelligent spending of energy, but a confession of our utter lack of gray matter. Why? *Because there need not be a next war!* If you don't believe this, ask H. G. Wells, or Frank Simonds, or Norman Hapgood, or my brother, or any shrewd observer who is not in the political scramble, who has not got some ax to grind.

After all, what *is* war? It used to be a tribal excursion either for food or revenge. In feudal days it became a baronial picnic. After the industrial revolution it was assumed to be the ultimate economic weapon. Today it has been proved not only economically unsound but ethically criminal. Every nation engaged in the World War spent millions of dollars in publicity in the effort to disclaim any responsibility for starting it, and other millions in camouflaging the real issues.

It seems to me obvious, therefore, that some psychologists to the contrary notwithstanding, fighting is not an instinct like sex and hunger. Mankind breeds and feeds in the same way as it breathes and sleeps. It has to. But it only fights if the breeding or feeding is interfered with. In other words, it needs a reason to fight, an appeal to the mind first and the emotions afterwards. And that, if civilization means anything, is the proof that there is no need for a next war.

There was, of course, absolutely no need for the last one. If all the White Papers and foreign-office files were

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examined, you would find that eight million people were killed as a result of misunderstanding and misrepresentation. The trouble is that nations, like individuals, do not like to admit having made fools of themselves; and though we are all united in declaring war a crime and, more importantly, that it does not pay, yet there is no one nation with courage enough and brains enough to make the gesture of chucking the lethal weapons away and to announce that it intends to sink or swim on a peace plank.

It is almost time someone tried it out. The Bible says that those who live by the sword shall perish by the sword—but nobody believes in the Bible any more. All right. Take up a history book. You'll have a hard time disproving Christ's statement. A few years ago when the Wrights tried to fly everybody howled with laughter and said that they were crazy, going in the face of nature. Today there are air mail boxes in the streets of New York. Flying is a part of our daily life. Yesterday every nation spent every nickel it had in building instruments of warfare in order to end war. Tomorrow the only instruments of warfare left in the world will be in museums.

Is tomorrow such a long way off? The idea of living without war is much less fantastic than the Wrights's idea of flying, and they were successful for two very simple reasons: they were not afraid, and they kept on working.

Judging by the contempt with which the word pacifist is uttered, one would imagine that to work for peace was a shameful and cowardly thing. Oddly enough, I can't remember ever having heard Christ called a coward. For that matter it would be quite unbecoming to call the veterans of the World War cowards, and yet I don't believe there is a single one of them who is not a pacifist. Incidentally, every militarist is really a pacifist, too, only he doesn't see that he is going all round the bush. He wants to impose peace by destruction. The non-militarist wants to bring it about by construction. That's the only difference, except that the militarist has a blind spot in that he won't see that it will take him a far longer time to reach the objective.

Here we are, then, all desirous of peace, each group convinced that its way is the only way of getting it. At the moment the non-fighters are far outnumbered by the fighters and the non-combatants. I lump these latter with the fighters because it has been well and truly said that war has no fury like a non-combatant. As far as the next war is concerned it looks as if the "ayes" have it; but, and this is also true, the non-combatant may be likened to a third political party which, knowing that it can not get into power, will vote for that one of the other two parties whose promises sound better. It is human, after all, to expect a *quid pro quo*. So it is not unreasonable to suppose that if we veteran ex-militarists offer the non-combatant group a better *quid* than the militarists we may get our numerical share of the *quo*.

In a nutshell the situation is this: The militarist, who is preparing now, says: "The next war may wipe out civilization. We are going to fight to save it!" You remember how successful he was in the war to *end* war! The non-militarist, on the other hand, seems to be on pretty firm ground, logically, when he says: "If none of us fight there won't *be* a next war. Civilization can't be wiped out!"

The defense rests.

How naive to say: "If none of us fight"! I can almost hear the howls of derision, the yells of "How are you going to stop it?"—which, after all, is only another way of phrasing my own question: What are we going to do about it?

There are a great many things which you and I, with the background of our war record, can do. Most of us have in a drawer somewhere an old tunic on which are sewn wound stripes and decorations. It is locked away out of sight for the same reason that most of us have kept our mouths shut and refused to utter a word about the Great War. I would say then, first of all, let us come out of our silence. Let us tell the truth as we have learned it in sweat and blood—the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help us God! We know that war is "the bunk." If we don't know it, who does? With the weight of veteranship behind us every word that we say will have to be listened to. Except for a few isolated voices here and there the world has never had the truth about war dinned into its ears. It has had a vast amount of untruth and a quantity of half-truth, which is, perhaps, the most insidious of all. There is no one to blame but ourselves. We have retired into that obstinate conspiracy of silence from which, as yet, nothing has been able to drag us. As a form of self-protection it was permissible during that brief period when the peace-idea was fashionable. But that has been discarded now and there is more than talk of this next war. The newspapers print photographs of new guns that will shoot farther than the Big Berthas. Every day brings its invention of a new ray or gas, its mention of a bigger fleet of war planes; and behind it all are the impotence of the League of Nations and the edginess between government and government. Of course, one appreciates the tremendous difficulties that block the path of those who run a country but, to a pseudo-intelligent onlooker, the only possible conclusion to be drawn from the recent breaking of a certain Gentleman's Agreement is that because some flatulent politician saw fit to make a grand gesture, with nothing more admirable in view than winning a few votes for his party, another generation may have to march to an unnecessary and unspeakable death.

Shall we still remain silent?

Then there is another weapon against war that has never been used—laughter. War can be laughed, ridiculed, off the face of the earth. Think of "the glory of the trenches," the "living bayonets," the "privates who would rather fight than eat." The ghastly humor of all that stuff appeals to us. *We know!* But the non-combatants don't. They take it all literally—as it was intended that they should in order to keep the game going. They still believe that war is glorious, that generals are heroes, that we went over the top eagerly and joyously, filled with a righteous and blessed hate of the enemy. They still believe in "the Hun atrocities" and all the priceless inventions of the various bureaus of propaganda. Of course they believe it. We did, too, until we got into the firing line and saw the joke for ourselves across barbed wire decorated with corpses. That's why I've suggested that if we are only going to take the next war personally we've got ample time to decide whether we'll be generals, with all the "kudos" and none of the risk, or profiteers with government backing who can clean up safely from the outside, or join the small but determined band who will march to the nearest prison and demand government hospitality during the course of hostilities.

One cannot particularly blame those generals and profiteers in the last war. They were not entirely aware

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of what they were doing. But two blacks don't make a white, and if any of us, knowing what we know, should do it in the next war our name would be worse than mud. Most of us, however, are taking it a little more seriously than that. We have come to the conclusion that living for one's country is, after all, a great deal more useful, and far harder, than dying for it. And although, as yet, we have observed no guaranteed cure for war-cancer, we can at least apply the modern treatments of truth and ridicule. We can show it up to our friends, write about it, contradict the lies that are told on public platforms, and do much to destroy the popular sentiment about it that exists only from thoughtlessness and ignorance.

All those things can be accomplished in the ordinary process of everyday living. If we feel it deeply enough to set ourselves a real and constructive task, we can see that our children are not educated in mere flag-waving, but grow up in the belief that not only they personally were born free and equal, but that all men are, independently of race and country. We can see that our politicians live up to their responsibilities—by rubbing their noses in it any time they perpetrate a grand gesture. And we can see to it that similar loud-mouthed utterances on the part of foreign politicians are not interpreted as expressions of that nation's feeling, but are merely read as the indulgence of the individual ego of a man who has fallen down on his job.

We have proved already that we are not afraid. There will be no next war if we keep on working.

Henry Cabot Lodge—A Scholar in Politics

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THUS Henry Cabot Lodge was hailed when first he entered political life—a scholar in politics. A man of more than comfortable means, he had taken his A.B., LL.B., and Ph.D. at Harvard, had been for three years editor of the *North American Review*, for two years editor of the *International Review*, a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and had written several excellent biographies, besides a useful short history of the English colonies in America—all this before he was thirty-three years old. Men like Carl Schurz, Edwin L. Godkin, George William Curtis, and Governor Boutwell looked with profoundest satisfaction upon Lodge's coming into public life as they did upon the political debut of his friend Theodore Roosevelt. Together with others of the same caliber, their appearance gave rise to the hope that a new and golden era in our politics was at hand. It was a delusion for those who placed ideals above party loyalty, for both Lodge and Roosevelt, after fighting staunchly at the Republican convention in 1884 against the nomination of James G. Blaine because of his unfitness, after declaring that they would bolt if he were chosen to lead the party, finally decided that they would make their fight for reform within the party and violated their consciences by swallowing the man they had declared hopelessly blemished.

Not unnaturally, the then editor of *The Nation* could not refrain from pointing the moral when the news came that Henry Cabot Lodge had been defeated for Congress at the 1884 election, which placed Grover Cleveland in the White House. His words are worth reprinting for several reasons:

> The defeat of Mr. Cabot Lodge for Congress in Massachusetts is to be regretted because he would undoubtedly have made a good legislator; but it is to be rejoiced over because it is a distinct discouragement to his kind of politician—we mean the kind furnished by nature and art with every assistance in being better than they are, but who refuse it vigorously, and insist on being bad or mediocre. It is the special function of such men to make a good show of moral fiber at great crises, and when they fail there is really nothing left of them. It was undoubtedly due to Mr. Lodge's influence that Mr. Theodore Roosevelt threw away the admirable position he had acquired in the politics of this State last spring, by not only coming out for Blaine but going back on Governor Cleveland. They put their heads together and thought they would show the theorists a wonderful "wrinkle" in the way of practicalness, and now they are both out in the cold, and their natural friends and allies are not sorry, and the real "practical men" are laughing at them. It is, however, never too late to mend.

The hostilities thus established never ended during Mr. Lodge's lifetime. As long as he was editor of *The Nation* Mr. Godkin lost no opportunity to use grape upon the renegade scholar from Massachusetts—and there were plenty of good opportunities, for Mr. Lodge was elected to Congress in 1887 and immediately began to make himself felt. In that year he defended the sale of the governorship of Rhode Island to a rich New Yorker by the gang of corrupt politicians who then, and for many years thereafter, controlled that State. "The American stump has seen many strange things," wrote Mr. Godkin, "but nothing stranger than a man of fortune and a scholar, a Harvard graduate and quondam instructor, and an author of some repute, perorating publicly against the people who object to this degrading [Rhode Island] spectacle as 'guilty of a mixture of sham morals and false issues which is revolting to any honest-minded man.'" Mr. Lodge's apostasy to the cause of tariff reform which he had championed in his biographies of Hamilton and Webster and his final swallowing of the extreme protection doctrine similarly brought down upon him the editorial thunder, and so did his extraordinary vagaries in the matter of the gold standard and in the field of international politics.

Strange as it may seem, this man, who was in his later years voted an Anglomaniac, began his political career as a most deliberate and determined tail-twister of the British Lion, in which pastime no Fenian exceeded him. He was for war with England not once but a dozen times. As far back as 1895 he announced in the Senate that we were "a part of the European balance of power. As in 1778 and 1812, we shall find ourselves in practical alliance with Russia and France, and in practical hostility to England and the Dreibund [Austria, Germany, and Italy]." His reason for this was that "Halifax is a menace to us, Bermuda is a menace to us, and so is Kingston. . . ." Therefore we must enter an alliance with France and Russia "because, so long as Great Britain remains a power on this continent, in Canada, we can be nowhere else" than hand in glove with Paris and St. Petersburg. When Grover Cleveland sent to Congress

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his amazing and still inexplicable Venezuelan Message which so nearly precipitated war with Great Britain, Senator Lodge fairly threw himself into Cleveland's arms—up to that time he had assailed and maligned him at every opportunity. They became brothers before the war-god. Curiously enough, his change of opinion as to England came while he was writing his "Story of the Revolution" in 1897. At the outset the book abounds in the conventional violent abuse of England's conduct as the ruler of the American colonies. "When he began to write," a reviewer declared, "it was the fashion to curse England, and he cursed her soundly. When he ended everyone was falling on England's neck, and he fell, blubbering with the rest."

Until that conversion Senator Lodge injected his hatred of England even into economic and monetary discussions. Incredible as it will now seem to Wall Street, Senator Lodge was for years an ardent pro-silverite and opponent of the gold standard. To oppose the latter he wanted on April 6, 1895, in a speech in the Senate, to boycott England, if not to war upon her. These were his words—not the words of Bryan:

> The gold monometallic policy of Great Britain, now in force among all great civilized nations, is, I believe, the great enemy of good business throughout the world at the moment. Therefore, it seems to me, if there is any way in which we can strike England's trade or her moneyed interest, it is our clear policy *to do so in the interest of silver.*

All of which did not prevent the Senator from Massachusetts from joining, *just fifteen months later*, in the hue and cry over William Jennings Bryan for taking the same position. Nobody could have been more unctuous than Henry Cabot Lodge or held up his hands in holier horror over the rude and violent Nebraskan whose sole offense was that, like Mr. Lodge prior to the Democratic nomination, he did not want humanity crucified on a cross of gold. Commenting on Senator Lodge's Carnegie Hall speech on September 28, 1896, *The Nation*, after quoting from the *Herald* that Mr. Lodge received the ovation of the evening for his "terse and scathing arraignment of the sponsors of the silver movement," pointed out that "he should have included himself in the arraignment, for no man has ever been more reckless or shameless in pandering to the silver party and inflaming it to the point of desperation."

Indeed, so superficial is the usual thinking among our financial and social leaders that such lapses in Senator Lodge as well as his inconsistencies and his deliberate turning his back upon traditions and standards to which he was pledged by birth, antecedents, and training were hardly noted by the powers that be in Massachusetts. True, a vigorous minority of conscience ever fought him, and in his last campaign for reelection he won by a mere handful of votes. But State Street and the Back Bay could find nothing wrong when he backed the Force Bill in 1889 and 1890 and declared that he was willing if necessary to place a file of United States soldiers at every polling-place in the South. When he sought to gerrymander the State of Massachusetts in the most outrageous way in his own interest it seemed to them the right thing to do. They found no fault with his belligerency against England, his persistent imperialistic policy in regard to the Philippines, the South American countries, and the rest of the world. They were certain that the interests not only of New England but of the whole country were safe in his hands, and so he became, with the lapse of years, one of the leaders and dictators of the Republican Party, a chieftain of the Old Guard, a maker of Presidents, and the bosom friend and adviser of more than one. No one could question his ability, his political skill, his historical knowledge, or his power.

To the average politician he remained the cold intellectual, the "highbrow." And yet they came to value him as one of the greatest window-dressers of their party and defenders of its misdeeds. Take, for instance, the postal scandals in 1903. His defense then reads exactly as would have read his defense of the scandals of the Harding Administration had his health permitted him to take part in the campaign which has just ended. Thus, he was certain in July, 1903, that the postal scandals could only have a favorable effect upon the fortunes of the Republican Party. He did not, of course, dwell upon the fact that a gang of Republican rascals and thieves had been enriching themselves at the expense of the government, but, like Calvin Coolidge, he stressed the fact that some of them had been found out and that the party was in the process of punishing them.

When the war came Mr. Lodge was once more compelled to throw himself into the arms of a Democratic President whom he loathed. He who had wanted for so many years to war against England warred side by side with England with all the enthusiasm he had lavished upon his efforts to force us into hostilities with her. His war speeches, now separately published, give the Wall Street side of the war to perfection and the British case in all its passion and all its falsity. He was then a regular of the regulars—until the Treaty of Versailles. As to that, politics never made stranger bedfellows than the cause which put under the same blanket Senator Lodge and the editors of *The Nation*—he hated it as much as we. Of course Lodge's personal dislike of Wilson had much to do with his opposition to the treaty, but there was sincerity in it, too. He acted according to his lights and he stood his ground, though he came in, for the first time, for a tremendous amount of personal abuse, some from old friends. All of which he received with characteristically sharp cynicism. It was his last great fight and he enjoyed his triumph to the brim, believing that he rendered to his country his greatest service. Some will never forgive him for it; to others it outweighs his sins.

But as the years passed by some things did happen to Henry Cabot Lodge which must have made many of his triumphs turn to ashes in his hands. True, he remained the darling of the Back Bay. There were men, like the late Professor Barrett Wendell of Harvard, who believed to the end that Henry Cabot Lodge was the finest modern product of American statesmanship. His hold upon big business was never shaken until 1924. The great mill-owners, protected manufacturers, and banking houses knew he was theirs, so much so that they did not have to tell him what they wanted. He knew instinctively. Was he not one of them? But when he favored the soldiers' bonus, and voted for it even over the veto of President Coolidge, State Street rose in anger and Mr. Lodge knew what it was to experience popular ingratitude, or rather ingratitude at the hands of those whom he had served most faithfully. It is the irony of fate, too, that this blue blood of the blue bloods, this Brahmin of the Boston Brahmins, this pillar of Harvard University and the church and every other venerable institution, this worshiper of the god of things as they are, should have been edged out of his commanding position in

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the party by another Massachusetts man—Calvin Coolidge—his very antithesis in breeding, training, and tradition. At the last Republican convention Henry Cabot Lodge was a pitiful figure. He was occasionally called to the platform publicly for consultation, but he was a feeble old man whose power had so evidently passed that his fall was the subject of various letters by correspondents who witnessed it. This veteran pilot of his party President Coolidge dropped, sent over the side, knowing full well that the pilot had lost his skill and his strength and that he was at the end of his career. It was the farmer's boy who gave the final push to the scholar in politics.

What is the moral of it all? What encouragement is there to be drawn from the achievements of this scholar in politics? Precious little for those who believe that all would be well in America if only all the offices could be filled with aristocratic gentlemen of ancient lineage, men of wealth, writers of pleasant essays, representatives of success in business, favorites of "society." There is nothing in Henry Cabot Lodge's career to furnish a text to youth, to inspire young men. He was a compromiser of compromisers; for office and party loyalty he sold himself not once but endless times. On the side of the privileged and the larger battalions he, save only once, invariably trimmed his sails to favoring breezes. Men will read his books, a few his speeches; they will find nowhere the divine afflatus and never will it be truthfully claimed for him that he broadened the range of American idealism, or brought the achievement of our ideals an hour nearer, or advanced in any way the brotherhood of man.

New Morals for Old

Women and the New Morality

By BEATRICE M. HINKLE

IN the general discussions of morality which are the fashion just now, sex morality seems to occupy the chief place. Indeed, judging from the amount of talk on this subject one would be inclined to think it the outstanding problem of our time. Certainly the whole of humanity is concerned in and vitally affected by the sexual aspect of life. Sexuality in its capacity for transformation is the source of power underlying the creativeness of man. In its direct expression, including its influence on human relationships in general, it is woman's particular concern. The position of importance it is assuming seems, therefore, to be justified, regardless of the protests of the intellect and the wish of the ego to minimize its significance.

A general weakening of traditional standards of ethics and morals and their gradual loss of control over the conduct of individuals have long been observed in other activities—in business affairs and in the world of men's relations with each other. This has taken place so quietly and with so much specious rationalizing that sharp practices and shady conduct which formerly would have produced scandals, shame, and social taboos now scarcely cause a protest from society. These aspects of morality belong to the masculine world in particular and produce little agitation, while the upheaval in sex morals particularly affects the feminine world and by many people can scarcely be considered calmly enough for an examination. The changes in this field are the most recent and are being produced by women; they are taking place in full view of all with no apologies and with little hesitation. They appear, therefore, most striking and disturbing. It can be said that in the general disintegration of old standards, women are the active agents in the field of sexual morality and men the passive, almost bewildered accessories to the overthrow of their long and firmly organized control of women's sexual conduct.

The old sex morality, with its double standard, has for years been criticized and attacked by fair-minded persons of both sexes. It has been recognized that this unequal condition produced effects as unfortunate for the favored sex as for the restricted one, and that because of this it could not be maintained indefinitely by a psychologically developing people. As a matter of course, when people mentioned the single standard they meant the standard governing women, ignoring the fact that it is easier to break down restrictions than to force them upon those who have hitherto enjoyed comparative freedom. Furthermore, it was not realized that a sex morality imposed by repression and the power of custom creates artificial conceptions and will eventually break down.

This forced morality is in fact at the present time quite obviously disintegrating. We see women assuming the right to act as their impulses dictate with much the same freedom that men have enjoyed for so long. The single standard is rapidly becoming a *fait accompli*, but instead of the standard identified with women it is nearer the standard associated with men. According to a universal psychological law, actual reality eventually overtakes and replaces the cultural ideal.

Although this overthrow of old customs and sex ideals must be chiefly attributed to the economic independence of women brought about through the industrialism of our age, it is safe to say that no man thought ahead far enough or understood the psychology of women sufficiently to anticipate the fruit of this economic emancipation. As long as women were dependent on men for the support of themselves and their children there could be no development of a real morality, for the love and the feeling of the woman were so intermingled with her economic necessities that the higher love impulse was largely undifferentiated from the impulse of self-preservation. True morality can only develop when the object or situation is considered for itself, not when it is bound up with ulterior and extraneous elements which vitiate the whole. The old morality has failed and is disintegrating fast, because it was imposed from without instead of evolving from within.

A morality which has value for all time and is not dependent upon custom or external cultural fashions can arise only from a high development of the psychological functions of thinking and feeling, with the developed individual as the determiner of values instead of general custom or some one else's opinion. The function of feeling and the realm of the emotions have universally been re-

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garded as woman's special province; therefore it is women who are specially concerned with testing out moral values involving sexual behavior.

Women have been reproached by men again and again as being only sexual creatures, and they have meekly accepted the reproach. Instead of examining the statement, they have adopted the sexual problem of men as their own, and with it the weight of man's conflict and his articulateness. For sexuality as a problem and a conflict definitely belongs to man's psychology; it is he primarily who has been ashamed of his domination by this power and has struggled valiantly to free himself; his egotistic and sexual impulses have always been at war with each other. But whoever heard of women being ashamed of yielding to the power of love? Instead they gloried in the surrender of themselves and counted themselves blessed when love ruled. It is this need of man to escape from the power of the sensual appeal that has made him scorn sex and look upon the great creative power of life as something shameful and inferior—made him treat it as a joke or with the indifferent superficiality which betrays emasculation and inadequacy.

One has only to "listen in" where any large group of men, young or old, are gathered together in easy familiarity (the army camps were recent examples on a large scale) to discover the degree to which sexuality still dominates the minds of men, even though its expression is confined so largely to the jocose and the obscene. Many men can corroborate this report from a military camp: "We have sexuality in all its dirty and infantile forms served daily for breakfast, lunch, and dinner." It is the inferior and inadequate aspect of masculine sexuality that made it necessary for man to conceive of it as something shameful and unclean, and to insist that woman must carry his purity for him and live the restrictions and suppressions that rightly belonged to him. Woman on her part became an easy victim of his ideas and convictions, because of the very fact that the function of feeling and the emotions so largely dominate her psychology. The translation of feeling into thought-forms has been slow and difficult. About herself woman has been quite inarticulate and largely unconscious. This inarticulateness inevitably made her accept man's standards and values for her, for little directed thinking is achieved without form and words. Because of her sexual fruitfulness woman had no sexual conflict; therefore, man easily unloaded his psychological burden upon her, and claimed freedom for the satisfaction of his own desires.

Thus woman was made a symbol or personification of man's morality. She had to live for him that which he was unable to live for himself. This was the reason for his indignation at moral transgressions on her part. She had injured the symbol and revealed his weakness to him.

This lack of adequate self-consciousness in woman, her general inability to translate feeling into forms capable of being understood by the masculine mind, accounts for her acceptance of the statements made about her by men. There is no doubt that woman's inarticulateness about herself, even when her feelings were very different from those she was told were normal, has been responsible for a vast amount of the nonsense written about her.

When women discovered, however, that they could be economically independent of men they commenced to find themselves interesting. As they have gradually come to think for themselves about fundamental questions there has begun a tremendous activity and busyness in regard to the very subject which was previously taboo.

A recent writer boasts that men have changed their attitude toward sexual problems very little and are not much concerned in the new interest of women. This is probably true, for man has contributed all he has to give to the subject. He has laid down his taboos and externalized his restrictions, chiefly applicable to the other sex, and he is finished with the subject—bored by having it thrust forward as an unfinished problem needing reconsideration. All of this knowledge or understanding of the sexual aspect of life—the aspect underlying human creativeness, the faulty development of which is responsible for a large part of his woes, "can be told in two hours to any intelligent sixteen-year-old boy," another writer recently stated. It is this youthful ignorance and assurance that the last word has been spoken on this subject that has awakened women, no longer dependent economically, to the fact that they must also become independent of men intellectually if they wish to gain expression for their knowledge or to form rules of conduct based on their own psychology. In the true scientific spirit of the age they are now experimenting and using nature's method of trial and error to find out for themselves by conscious living experience what feeling has vaguely told them. This is the first step toward objectifying and clarifying woman's intuitive knowledge.

With the revolt of women against the old restrictions and the demand for freedom to experience for themselves, there has appeared a most significant phase of the changed morality—the new relation of women toward each other. The significance of this enormous change which has been taking place very quietly and yet very rapidly is scarcely appreciated. When one realizes that only a generation ago the newspapers were still publishing their funny paragraphs at the expense of women ("The dear creatures; how they love one another") the great difference in their relations today becomes evident. The generally accepted distinction between the personal loyalties of the sexes can be summed up in the statement that women are loyal in love and disloyal in friendship, while men are loyal in friendship and disloyal in love. It is this attitude of women that is gradually disappearing with the awakening of a new sense of themselves as individuals.

Their changed attitude toward each other—the recognition of their own values, and the growing realization that only in solidarity can any permanent impression be made on the old conception of woman as an inferior, dependent creature, useful for one purpose only—constitutes the most marked difference between their present social condition and that of the past.

As long as women remained psychologically unawakened, their individual values were swallowed up in their biological value for the race. They were under the unconscious domination of their sexual fruitfulness and an enemy of themselves as individuals. Weininger gives as the chief difference between the masculine and feminine creeds that "Man's religion consists in a supreme belief in himself—woman's in a supreme belief in other people." These other people being men, the sex rivalry among women that has so long stood in the way of their further development is easily understood. It has been a vicious circle which could only be broken by women's gaining an-

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other significance in the eyes of the world and in their own eyes. This other significance is their new economic importance.

It makes little difference within the social structure how many individual women have forged a position for themselves and have won a freedom and independence equal to that possessed by the ordinary man, so long as they are isolated phenomena having little understanding of the peculiar difficulties and problems of women as a whole, and no relation with each other. These women have existed in all culture periods, but they have produced little effect upon the social condition or psychology of women in general. There was no group action because the majority of women were inarticulate. The woman who was different became abnormal in the eyes of the world.

This passive acceptance of the opinions of others has been most disastrous for woman's development. Her superior psychological processes consist of feelings and intuitions, and when these are stultified or violated by being forced into a false relation, or are inhibited from development, the entire personality is crippled. The inadequate development of the function of thought and the dominating role played by the function of feeling in the psychology of woman have produced an obviously one-sided effect and have caused men to postulate theories about her which are given forth as though they were the last word to be said—fixed and unchangeable. Indeed, the statement that women are incapable of change and that no growth is possible for them is one of the favorite assertions of masculine writers on the subject of women's psychology. As the present is the first time in our historical period in which there has been any general opportunity for women as a whole to think for themselves and to develop in new ways, the basis for this assertion does not exist, and it obviously conceals an unconscious wish that women should not change.

The effect of collective ideas and cultural traditions upon the personality is immeasurable. The greatest general change that is taking place today is the weakening of these ideas and the refusal of women to be bound by them. Women are for the first time demanding to live the forbidden experiences directly and draw conclusions on this basis. I do not mean to imply that traditional moral standards controlling woman's sexual conduct have never been transgressed in the past. They have very frequently been transgressed, but secretly and without inner justification. The great difference today lies in the open defiance of these customs with feelings of entire justification, or even without recognizing a necessity for justification. In other words, there has arisen a feeling of moral rightness in the present conduct, and wrongness in the former morality. Actually the condition is one in which natural, long-restrained desire is being substituted for collective moral rules, and individuals are largely becoming a law unto themselves. It is difficult to predict what will be the result of the revolt, but it is certain that this is the preceding condition which renders it possible for a new morality in the real sense to be born within the individual. It has already produced the first condition of all conscious psychic development—a moral conflict—and woman has gained a problem.

In the general chaos of conflicting feelings she is losing her instinctive adaptation to her biological role as race bearer, and is attempting adaptations to man's reality. She is making the effort to win for herself some differentiation and development of the ego function apart from her instinctive processes. This is the great problem confronting woman today: How can she gain a relation to both racial and individual obligations, instead of possessing one to the exclusion of the other? Must she lose that which has been and still is her greatest strength and value? I for one do not think so, although I am fully conscious of the tremendous psychic effort and responsibility involved in the changing standards. It is necessary that women learn to accept themselves and to value themselves as beings possessing a worth at least equal to that of the other sex, instead of unthinkingly accepting standards based on masculine psychology. Then women will recognize the necessity of developing their total psychic capacities just as it is necessary for men to do, but they will see that this does not involve imitation of men or repudiation of their most valuable psychic functioning. The real truth is that it has at last become apparent to many women that men cannot redeem them.

It is not the purpose of this article to deal with the practical issues involved in the new moral freedom. One thing, however, is clearly evident: women are demanding a reality in their relations with men that heretofore has been lacking, and they refuse longer to cater to the traditional notions of them created by men, in which their true feelings and personalities were disregarded and denied. This is the first result of the new morality.

Sonnet

By MARIE LUHRS

Time, of all artists, draws most clear, most true;
He washes out the false and careless line;
What should be red he never kills with blue;
His pictures are not *Ikons* for a shrine.
He paints this unsung queen beloved and soft,
And that one hard for all her sonneteers;
Beneath his brush Caesar is drawn aloft
And little men are shadowed by their fears.
And when I am composed within Time's dream
I shall be drawn in shadow dark and blue;
I am no queen who lost a throne for you;
I am another leaf spun on a stream.
Still, queens in love were light leaves only. They
Quivered and cried—there is no other way.

Cows

By MARIE LUHRS

Tethered they trample a field without bars,
Petals and green leaves, red fruit and white stars
Under their hoofs till the boy with the shears
Cuts the unraveling rope of their years.

And where they will pull up their grasses then
Is the cud they have chewed since God knows when;
Their jaws are still working, their mouths look wise;
Did you ever see the tears in their eyes?

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Women in the Progressive Movement

By ISABELLE KENDIG

THE criticism which I heard most frequently of the Progressive Party concerned the position that was accorded to women in the movement. It was pointed out with truth that out of fourteen members of the national joint executive committee, which directed the campaign, only two were women; that the recommendation of the national women's division to enlarge the committee to give equal representation to women, together with the twelve additional names of women nominated for it, received a pocket veto; that no women served as State chairmen, though in at least one State the logical choice was a woman; and that women on the whole played a small part in shaping the policies of the campaign. It was pointed out, to the disparagement of the Progressives, that both the Republicans and the Democrats were more generous in their treatment of women, and gave them equal positions on all committees.

The truth of these charges unfortunately had to be admitted, but we claimed, and I believe truly, that while both old parties have been forced to concede increasing position and power to women, *political opportunity* for women lies in the development of a new liberal movement. This is because both the Democratic and Republican parties crystallized years ago—and crystallized without embodying the viewpoint of women.

The failure to play a bigger part in the Progressive campaign, despite their devoted work for the "Cause," had two reasons at bottom. First, the lack of organized demand for greater recognition on the part of the women themselves; and second, the reluctance of the men to concede equal power to women.

A conference of Progressive women is to be held in Washington in December to consider the advisability of permanent organization. Two plans will undoubtedly be discussed—the maintenance of a women's division or women's bureau within the movement; and the abolition of all women's divisions and the insistence on working side by side with men on an equal footing.

In the Progressive campaign women functioned through national and State women's divisions, except in the States of Washington and Ohio, where they worked directly with men. Results varied in the different States according to the degree of cooperation between the general campaign committees and the women's committees. In general, however, the result was to sidetrack the women's activities. Being in a department of their own, they found themselves excluded from conferences and discussions on all questions of general policies. Even their autonomy in their own department was curtailed by their dependence on the general committee for finances, as it was part of the plan in the national office and in many of the States that the women's divisions, though separate, should not maintain separate treasuries. Thus in most instances the women in the campaign found themselves out of the main current of the movement entirely, or asked only to perform minor functions, frequently social, in typical "ladies' auxiliary" fashion. As a result of such experience, I believe that the consensus of opinion among Progressive women will be strongly opposed to the continuance of women's divisions or bureaus in any future party or campaign organization.

The swing to the other extreme, which is to work in the liberal movement side by side with men, without organization, however, also has its dangers. It undoubtedly represents the ideal, for it puts women into politics as human beings and not as a sex. Even now it probably brings greater advancement for the individual woman who enters politics on this basis, but it does not solve the two present fundamental problems—getting women into the Progressive movement and securing adequate recognition for them.

It is generally recognized that women lag politically. For some time to come a special effort will be necessary to enlist women in politics. But once enlisted, how do they fare? They experience at once the unconscious antagonism which any governing class bears toward the encroachments of a new group. Conceding men their full share of generosity and tolerance, it is still too much to expect that they will relinquish their centuries of vested interest in politics and government without considerable pressure. They recognize the need for women's votes. Their sense of justice and fair play leads them to offer women certain honors. But they retain and, perhaps more or less unconsciously, intend to retain the key positions in their own hands. Women may receive full honors as chairmen of women's divisions; they may secure the chairmanship of unimportant mixed committees or the nomination for minor offices. But the chairmanship of all important committees and party indorsement for all major offices which there is reasonable hope of winning inevitably go to men. In general, when the history of the emancipation of women is written, this period will be known as the period of her *Vice-Chairmanship!*

Since these conditions are based on human nature, they exist not only in the old parties but in the Progressive movement as well, and may be definitely expected to manifest themselves in any new party which may be formed. It is therefore not enough merely to abolish the women's division idea and substitute work together within the movement on an equal footing. During this period of transition while women are slowly finding their place in the world of politics and government, their individual efforts must be supplemented by the work of a strong *independent* organization of liberal women affiliated with the movement but outside the party organization.

The functions of such an organization would be twofold—to bring women into the movement and to secure full recognition for them. Its program would include enlistment and organization of women in the Progressive movement between campaigns as distinguished from the work of the mixed campaign or party committees which would put these women to work in any particular election. It would stand and work for equal and democratic representation for women in campaign and party councils, special indorsement of qualified women candidates for public office, and emphasis on inclusion in party platforms of policies which especially appeal to progressive women.

To have real weight, such an organization must be a recognized part of the liberal movement. It should be affiliated with the Conference for Progressive Political Action, if that continues to be the organized expression of the various progressive groups, or with a new party if one is formed. In this way it would have the same relation to the movement that affiliated farm and labor organizations now have. The *sine qua non* of its effectiveness, however, will be its independence and its control over its own funds.

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She Does Not List So Much

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

THE customary contemporary picture of the American ship of state shows the ship with a Coolidge crew of hardy conservative mariners all gathered near the starboard rail and pressing the rail down almost into the happy water, while on the port or left or radical or progressive side of the ship there is virtually nobody visible any more.

This picture is a considerable exaggeration. Under our form of government, which has its own peculiar merits, and under our illogical party system, which again has its own peculiar merits, the American ship of state may list like everything in the election statistics and then list hardly at all in practice on the waves of legislation.

The next Congress, in this writer's judgment, will be unlikely to pass any radical legislation and will also be unlikely to pass any reactionary legislation.

The President, in this writer's judgment, will be unlikely to ask the next Congress to pass any reactionary legislation.

The President is not a reactionary.

In order to qualify as a reactionary, a man ought to want to go back from something in the present to something in the past. He ought to sneer at universal suffrage and speak favorably, even if hopelessly, of restricting the suffrage to the well-educated and well-heeled. Or he ought to be in favor of reacting from the civil-service law back to the spoils system. Or he ought to want to abandon direct primaries and again have all nominations made by conventions. Or he ought at least to want to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment.

Any fairly good reactionary wants to repeal the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth, and Nineteenth amendments. The President, on the contrary, wants to adopt the Twentieth Amendment, although the people of his own State have just rejected that amendment as unduly progressive and centralizing.

Moreover, the President, although he is against centralization and federalization, continues to be in favor of his federal Department of Education. The President also allowed the Republican platform to contain a railroad plank which in apt terms describes the principle of the Howell-Barkley bill (demanded by the railroad trade unions for the reform of the relations between employers and employees on railroads) and then commits the party to that principle. The President additionally is in favor of taking my money and the money of other taxpayers and lending it to farmers who want to buy cows and chickens and pigs and "diversify" their farm output—an idea which to me, who have some capacity for being a reactionary, is shocking in the extreme. I would as soon think of lending governmental money to department stores in order to help them multiply and "diversify" their departments.

As a reactionary, Calvin Coolidge, to my mind, is a substantial disappointment. He wants to go forward to some new things; and I cannot name, and nobody else can name, any old thing to which he is likely to ask Congress to go back—except lower taxes.

To do him justice, although he cannot properly be called a reactionary, he might with some propriety be called an *in*actionary. He sincerely, in spite of some lapses, does think that this inveigling the federal government into doing more and more things should stop.

Suppose, though, that the President did recommend a bill for financing five-and-ten-cent stores to "diversify" themselves into being five-ten-and-fifteen-cent stores. A bill of that sort, according to all the congressional advocates of lending governmental money to farmers, would be very wicked.

How far would the President get with it? How far would he get with—let us say—a ship-subsidy bill? Well, bills still have to go through the Senate in spite of the last election; and anybody who thinks that senators will do what a President says simply because he got a big majority in an election has studied senatorial history with invincible optimism. Certainly in the next Senate, even if the President should recommend any so-called reactionary legislation, which is extremely improbable, there will not be forty-nine senators to give it a majority and an enactment.

In the next Senate suppose that there are as many as fifty-five Republicans. From that fifty-five deduct the five outcasts—La Follette, Ladd, Frazier, Norris, and Brookhart. Then, on almost all sorts of so-called reactionary legislation, deduct Couzens of Michigan, Norbeck of South Dakota, McMaster of South Dakota, Howell of Nebraska, Capper of Kansas, Borah of Idaho, and—but why go on?

The Democrats will almost unanimously vote against any controversial recommendation by the President, especially if it can be called reactionary; because the Democrats are angling for the progressive vote of 1928; and on the Republican side the number of senators favoring reactionary or wicked legislation, on behalf of citizens other than farmers, will not rise to forty-five. The truth is that such legislation will in all probability have just no chance at all in the next Senate.

Meanwhile in the House the Democratic Party will be steering a course filled with large splashes of oratory against reaction and wickedness. There will be 148 Democrats in the next House. One hundred and thirty of them will be there with the indorsement and support (during this last campaign) of the La Follette national congressional organization presided over by Mr. L. E. Sheppard of the Order of Railroad Conductors. Relatively few Republicans had his indorsement, but many Democrats had it. These Republicans and Democrats together constitute much more than one-third of the next House.

Such a House can hardly be said to indicate that the American ship of state will now have nobody on her decks flirting with the left or port side of things where the red lights are. These leftists, for sincere reasons or for insincere reasons, will give the public plenty of warning if they see the Washington Monument being given away to anybody whom they do not like.

The President is going to be sincerely and conscientiously a considerable inactionary about legislation. The Senate is going to contain pretty nearly its usual percentage of wilful men unamenable in any case to presidential dictation. The House is going to contain a large percentage of persons flirting with the prospective possible assets of the proposed new party. The outcome would seem likely to be not much legislation; and the ship will go quarreling on with, as usual, a quite mixed crew.

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In the Driftway

WHEN the Sunday newspapers were carrying full-page advertisements portraying in lyric language the delights of the gorgeous new bachelor hotel just built in New York's East Side the Drifter read them without a single leap of the pulse. Pictures of a swimming pool intended to shame the Baths of Caracalla, of apartments furnished, according to the taste of the occupant, in Louis Quinze or Colonial American, of a smoking-room decorated with onyx, jade, and black marble all left him cold. This was partly because the price of this magnificence was far, far beyond his own modest means. But if a windfall had come to him at that moment he would not have had the slightest temptation to establish himself in those quarters where every comfort was assured him, including that of restricting members of the female sex to the first floor only.

* * * * *

A YOUNG woman of the Drifter's acquaintance developed the same theme for her point of view with uncommon eloquence. She had come from a three weeks' sojourn at a hotel in Washington for women, by women, of women. Women waited on her at table, women ran the elevator, women sold papers in the lobby; even the head waiter, that monarch who rules without the aid of parliament or councilors, was smiling, graceful, female. Heatedly the Drifter's young friend denounced her own sex, not because she was so fond of men but because the human animal, she felt, was only endurable by contrast. Which is just about the way the Drifter feels about it.

* * * * *

ACCORDINGLY, the Drifter is amused but by no means injured to learn that the luxurious bachelor hotel, referred to above, is now open to women also. He has no doubt that a few confirmed women-haters now living there will leave in a huff. Unfortunately their places of refuge are becoming scarcer and scarcer; already they complain that the sacred smoking-car is invaded by the female barbarian. But the Drifter does not feel sorry for them. If women wish to smoke, what better place than the place provided for that purpose? If they are interested in bathing, should they not also be admitted to the Baths of Caracalla provided they have the price of a ticket? The men who say No to these questions are simply actuated by fear. Now, the Drifter would not go as far as Mr. H. L. Mencken, whose bravery in saying he understands women perfectly is admirable to a degree; but he will say, boldly and fairly distinctly, that he is not afraid of women. If they wish to establish themselves in the retreats which he favors, they may. If they, on the other hand, prefer a place where he and his sex cannot come, he feels only pity for them, for they are victims of fear, also.

* * * * *

THERE will, of course, be certain men who will stand aghast at this temerity. There will be women who will narrow their eyes and set their teeth in a threatening manner, determined to show this little whippersnapper what is indubitably what. But the Drifter is not even afraid of them. He is attired in armor-plate that no bullet can pierce; if any of his acquaintances should be curious as to the reason, he does not mind telling them: he knows a place where he can go at any time. He can, if he wishes, take anyone he chooses with him; if he wishes, he can go alone, and no one, not even a woman, can accompany him. No, he will not on any account disclose the location of this paradise!

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Now That the Smoke of Battle . . .

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To conform with the vindication of the present Administration I would suggest that Messrs. Fall, Daugherty, and Forbes be returned to their former status and that Mr. Bascom Slemp be made chief of the proposed federal Department of Education.

Stapleton, S. I., November 6 I. S.

La Follette Carried Cleveland

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Robert Marion La Follette carried Cleveland, the city where Calvin Coolidge was nominated. And in coming through, Cleveland crashed down the gates of rotten politics, of dishonest judges, of intolerance. Despite some election judges, who, according to Peter Witt, independent councilman, "went stone blind for three dollars," Cleveland, to its everlasting glory, gave the Senator from Wisconsin a plurality of 5,000. One judge was too drunk to count. He was taken home.

Thousands upon thousands jammed Public Hall and listened to the returns. Three months ago an old man was chosen there to lead an infant party. A week ago he returned—and the ovation he received brought tears to his eyes and to others.

"They'll forget," boss Republicans said, "they'll forget him." But they didn't forget. They went to the polls before they went to work. Most of those who voted for La Follette work. They cast their ballots, and went their way.

Some of the ballots never saw the inside of the ballot box. La Follette had no watchers in the booths. The State Supreme Court, at the last minute, ruled against them by a vote of four to three. Watchers were allowed only to parties. La Follette did not lead a party. So the majority of four said. They were Republicans.

Some of the ballots had been marked before they were given to the voters—and subsequently were declared illegal. In the Negro section of the city Republican ward leaders passed out literature in the voting booths—passed out literature and marked ballots.

But Cleveland came through.

La Follette buttons have not been thrown away in Cleveland. Some still are worn by men and women who would like to try clean politics.

La Follette is not a broken myth.

He will come again.

Cleveland, Ohio, November 5 RALPH A. LOVELAND

Who Has These Letters?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I should appreciate the privilege of copying any letters or manuscripts written by or about Francis Preston Blair, Sr., Francis Preston Blair, Jr., and Montgomery Blair. All originals will be returned to the owners. If the originals could not be sent to me personally, or through the Department of History, the owners might be willing to have copies made for me at my expense.

W. E. SMITH

University of Wisconsin, Madison, October 27

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Books

First Glance

SINCE the gipsies are subject to no census, except in the case of those few who live in houses on the edges of cities, they cannot be studied from documents collected around a desk; hence remarkably little is known about them. Everybody has one or two ideas about their origin or their character, and certain superstitions about them will probably never die, but—leaving out of the count scholars who study their language—hardly one man in a million is possessed of a single fact based on observation. We see them down the road and we turn off in haste, perhaps; or at best we cast a curious glance into the darker depths of the van as we go by. They remain a fascinating race whom we are content to know from occasional books written by Romany Ryes—gipsy gentlemen—devoted to the task of making their favorites our familiars.

The eminence among these gentlemen of the author of "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye" grows greater with all time. Not only is this half-mad giant with the snow-white hair more and more impressive as a figure in the imaginations of British and American readers; the astounding energy of his style, the berserker enthusiasm of his mind, comes more and more positively to seem unique. Only a portion of that energy was caught by Charles Godfrey Leland in "The Gypsies" (Houghton Mifflin: $3), reprinted this year in commemoration of its author's centenary. "I have enjoyed gipsying more than any sport in the world," wrote Leland, "and I owe my love of it all to George Borrow." And he wrote handsomely enough of his chosen people. He made real contributions to knowledge concerning their origins and their language; he left racy accounts of meetings with them in Russia, Austria, England, Wales, and the United States. But the prevailing tone of his rhapsody is fainter and more artificially romantic than that of the burly man whom he calls "Father George." "Now as you wander along," he will say, "it may be that in the wood and by some grassy nook you will hear voices, and see the gleam of a red garment, and then find a man of the roads, with dusky wife and child. . . . These people are like birds and bees, they belong to out-of-doors and nature." To the greater writer "these people" were always men and women—endowed, to be sure, with tremendous faculties, but never birds or bees.

To Irving Brown, the latest American champion of the world-old vagrant race, they are men and women to be passionately envied because they do not live in houses. In Mr. Brown's new book, "Gypsy Fires in America" (Harper: $3), he confesses to "the strange thrill" they give him: "From where the road curved over the brow of a hill I caught a glimpse of several tents, with the blue smoke lazily rising and melting into the mist. My heart began to beat excitedly and my breath to come faster. I felt all the mingled joy and timidity of the lover. I wanted to run down the hill or shout; but instead, I stood there breathless, my feet lagging, as in a dream." A certain nostalgia, when he was an undergraduate in the Middle West, drew him into the company of a people both simple and mysterious; and as often as possible since that day he has haunted gipsy camps, perfecting himself in the ancient language, passing himself off as a pedigreed Romany, studying passions and habits at close range. If the result in the present volume is not a piece of great writing, it is at least a body of information not to be found elsewhere. The United States by common consent is the richest field for gipsy study today; more kinds are here than are in any other country, and all are undergoing rapid changes. Mr. Brown records the changes—the Fords, the high-powered cars, the occasional madness over money—without fear that they are final, and proceeds to the indestructible things—trickery, music, and love—upon which another book or two will make him an amateur authority.

MARK VAN DOREN

Aspects of Politics

Politics: The Citizen's Business. By William Allen White. The Macmillan Company. $2.

Personality in Politics. By William Bennett Munro. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

IT is a pity that Mr. White, who can write the English language very well when he chooses to do so, should have allowed both the best and the worst of his newspaper manner to appear in this his latest book, for while the book itself is not likely to be much read now that the November election is out of the way, the parts of it which are Mr. White's own are worth reading in connection with that event. The first chapter, rather misleadingly entitled Our Unwritten Constitution, and the second, The Super-Citizen's Duties, deal with the portentous multiplication of organizations, political, social, industrial, religious, and what not, outside of party lines but nevertheless with a more or less direct political purpose, through which the citizen expresses his own political opinions and molds the opinions of others. The American Federation of Labor, the Anti-Saloon League, the Federation of Churches, and the Ku Klux Klan are only a few of the many organizations through which the citizen may, if he will, and to an imposing extent actually does, cast a kind of supplementary vote for candidates or policies in addition to the formal vote which he deposits on election day. There is no part of the land in which the influence of several or many of these extra-political societies is not felt, and to the extent that their power is recognized and exerted the actual importance of parties tends to decline. The point is not a new one, of course; it is in substance only one more dragging to the light of Woodrow Wilson's "invisible government," and governments of low visibility or none at all had engaged the attention of students and the public before Wilson attacked them; but neither the nature nor the power of these political agencies has as yet been sufficiently studied, and Mr. White does well to call attention to them. The only regret is that, knowing as much about them as he does, he did not devote the whole book to them.

For the rest Mr. White reproduces, apparently without material alteration, the newspaper articles in which he reported the Cleveland and New York conventions of the present year, filling out the remaining 60 per cent of his pages with the texts of the Republican, Democratic, and third-party platforms and of certain speeches which the first two of the conventions heard. Mr. La Follette's statement to the Conference for Progressive Political Action is also included. The press reports are keen and racy, and take one behind the scenes in the personally conducted fashion that the average citizen doubtless enjoys, but their greatest usefulness in the form in which they are here presented should be to make every reader of them vow a solemn vow that never again, *Deo volente*, shall such conventions be tolerated. The party platforms will perhaps be useful for reference, but the kindest treatment that could have been accorded to the keynote speeches at the Republican and Democratic conclaves, the debates on the League of Nations, and the remarks of Mr. Bryan and Mr. Bainbridge Colby about religious liberty and the Ku Klux Klan was to let them die.

Mr. Munro's lectures on the Weil Foundation at the University of North Carolina bear the subtitle Reformers, Bosses and Leaders: What they do and How they do it. The book is one of those rare pieces of popularization which betray at every turn the sound knowledge and mature judgment of the scholar. The dissection of the weaknesses and foibles of reformers will be disturbing to some who have gloried in that name, and the bold challenging of certain popular notions about the way in which political betterment is achieved will doubtless irritate many who like to think that the practice of politics is a more elevated pursuit than it actually is. The main point which Mr. Munro enforces is that the largest factor in politics is personality, and it is by this standard that he measures the failure of

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many reforms and the success of much political bossism. For illustrations he draws particularly upon the history of recent elections, especially those in certain large cities, the latter field being one in which he is admittedly an authority. The book is a model of sound sense and inspiriting suggestion, well adapted to catch and hold the attention of readers for whom more bulky treatises have no charm. WILLIAM MACDONALD

A Specialist in Souls

Arnold Waterlow: A Life. By May Sinclair. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON and Rebecca West have had occasion to reproach May Sinclair for the eroticism in "Anne Severn and the Fieldings." They have explained it by saying that she has sought literary expression for her frustrated desires because she has been unadventurous in her personal life. But the question whether May Sinclair has been protected from life is irrelevant. It is more to the point that little of life is protected from May Sinclair.

It is not life in its panoramic fulness but life in its more restricted intimacies that Miss Sinclair's disturbing mind is curious about. "Arnold Waterlow" analyzes a family relationship stripped of everything extraneous to the psychological patterns and compulsions of Arnold's relation to his mother. She holds him to her, not by an unmixed love—as she believes—but by appealing in her unconscious selfishness to the most decent qualities in his nature. This relationship, which was amusingly enough treated by the Victorians under the innocuous phrase "the apron-strings," is looked upon now as a really sinister tie, and we symbolize it, with a truer regard for its terror, in terms of the umbilical cord.

According to the Freudians, unless the cord is cut, unless a man is born again, he cannot live. To this assertion Miss Sinclair would certainly subscribe. The whole of her work may be offered in support of the statement. For indeed the psychic distress arising out of the necessity for this severing has been May Sinclair's chief interest. She is a naturalist of souls. Her specialty lies in diagnosis of this soul sickness, in offering elaborate documentation for its fatality, or in suggesting complete and partial cures.

The first part of the present book is particularly well done. One wonders whence Miss Sinclair derives her startling knowledge of the vivid workings of the child Arnold's inner self. There is so much of this, and it is done with such certitude. It has the fascination of a splendid trick—this showing forth the setting of the patterns of the child's life that are to be the cause of so much of the man's misery. It is clear to the three-year-old baby that his mother "was tender to Arnold because he was a little thing, but it was Richard that she loved." And one night when he asks for the kind of affection his mother has just shown Richard, and asks in vain, "he turned his face slowly from Richard's bed and cried, not like a child, but slowly, quietly, as mature people cry." This realization that hurts him when he is three hurts him when he is forty-three; it is the basis of his life of self-sacrifice and defeat.

Arnold's fight is to hold his mother off as best he can. Against her will, of course, he marries, finds a brief mixed happiness, and then—tragedy. His wife Linda leaves him to go on with her career as a violinist, and to support the temperamental pianist Max, body and ego. Arnold's mother hauls him up then with a sharp turn, and he has no way of saving his soul except through an adventure into idyllic adultery with Effie. There are a few years of happiness. But Linda returns and Arnold takes her back—not before Effie conveniently turns her face to the wall and dies.

In the moments singled out to present Arnold's spiritual struggle for integration, sharp stress is given to his isolation. When as a little boy he sees God in the sunset and is moved to rhapsodize with William Blake, he encounters the literalness of his mother's barren outlook, and he turns, bruised, for what solace his inner self affords. Later in life, when he turns desperately to Kant and Spinoza and finds there dubious aid, he flings himself back upon his own soul. And so the torture goes on.

Yet through this torture he is brought to salvation. He finds it during one magnificent moment when, in Devon, on the cliffs overhanging the sea, living in open sin with Effie, he experiences a mystical ecstasy and sees God again, this time with a more sustaining difference.

> Suddenly something shifted in his brain; the wave drew back, and in an instant, a flash, everything changed. He saw the same hills, the same green fields, the same white river, but as if lifted to another level of reality, and shining with another light; light intensely still, intensely vibrating . . . While he looked his whole being was filled with a poignant, exquisite, and unearthly bliss.

One remembers similar passages in "The Three Sisters," in "Mary Olivier," in "The Dark Night." Some readers seem to feel it reprehensible of May Sinclair to write beautifully of the same experience in so many books. Yet these same persons do not cry out in the middle of a concert that they have heard Stravinsky's Fire-bird music before.

The people in this book have the touch of reality upon them. In a sense, and it helps to make them more real, they have the touch of unreality. For what we ordinarily call reality is not the only reality to May Sinclair; her people do not become wholly real until, as an affirmation and extension of this dimensional world, they experience a contact with a world of more mystical consciousness. ANGUS BURRELL

General Botha

General Botha. By Earl Buxton. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

THE first requisite in a proconsul, the world has agreed, is discretion. It is a quality with which Lord Buxton, who from 1914 to 1920 was Governor General of South Africa, showed himself, during those peculiarly troubled years, richly endowed. "The Governor General," as he tells us here, "should strive to acquire two useful accomplishments—how to ride on the snaffle and how to skate over thin ice." Lord Buxton's popularity and usefulness during his term of office in South Africa testify to his skill in both these accomplishments.

Whether, however, discretion is the first requisite of a biographer is a matter for question. That sensitiveness of the spirit which, with an instinctive good manners of the heart, unhesitatingly refrains from certain violations of the privacy the dead can no longer command may prompt the chronicler of another's life to reticence on certain matters. But it is a reticence which, while it may make the resultant book less appealing to the gutter press and the gutter mind, yet presents and preserves the essentials of the character portrayed with a delicate care for the truth—the truth of which these very reticences are a component part.

Lord Buxton's discretion is of another order. He has, indeed, as is obvious on every page, a very genuine affection and respect for his subject. He dedicates his "account of a great man and an outstanding personality" to Mrs. Botha, and is at pains to remind us in his introduction that this book is in no way a life of General Botha, and that his authorized biography is in preparation. But the man who for six critical years represented the King in South Africa, and formed the constitutional link between the Imperial Government and the Union, must of necessity have made discretion, the official discretion of a man in a high official position, a veritable habit of mind. And the official attitude is not lightly shaken off. So wholly does it inform this book that whole sections of it read like so many extracts from a blue-book, with exactly that careful compilation of carefully selected facts which makes

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blue-books irritating to all those who possess inquisitive rather than well-regulated minds. "It has been my anxious desire," Lord Buxton tells, "when touching on controversial subjects, . . . to deal with them as far as possible in a non-controversial way." There speaks His Excellency, and it is fair to say that he has succeeded. The consequences are, however, that of the events of the rebellion in 1914, of the rise and growth of the Nationalist Party, of all or any, indeed, of the political history of South Africa during his term of office, nothing new is to be learned from the pages of Lord Buxton.

When Lord Buxton turns from the political events of Botha's career to a consideration of the character of the man himself, the limitations of his power "to depict him so that he may live to those who knew him not" become very obvious. These are owing partly to the blinkers imposed by the official attitude and partly to the lack of real contact with others inevitable to one in Lord Buxton's position. His very uprightness and conscientiousness, coupled with a certain white simplicity strongly manifested in his writings, have kept from him the full realization of this fact. He does not seem to be aware that it is the penalty of governors general to live in the territories under their command more solitary than their humblest subject. Even to the Prime Minister and his Cabinet the fact of the status of the Governor General is inescapable. Reading Lord Buxton's recollections, and even Lady Buxton's letters, we cannot but feel that we have before us a full-dress photograph rather than a revealing portrait. Botha's physical courage, his gift of leadership, his personal charm, do emerge; but his personality was altogether less simple, less standardized, than Lord Buxton apparently believes.

Even a lightly handled blue-book is not the most entertaining literature possible. Lord Buxton's "General Botha," on the whole, is a dull book. Here and there the author lets himself go and gives us a mildly entertaining story, of which we are always glad. He tells us, for instance, how in the time of the rebellion, when martial law was strictly enforced throughout Pretoria, "unauthorized meetings were prohibited, and anyone using seditious language or spreading alarmist reports was liable to be severely punished." In a footnote he adds: "One of my staff, constitutionally a pessimist and alarmist, was given a special permit by the police allowing her to 'use words calculated to create alarm or despondency' without making herself liable to be 'severely punished.'" Surely a paternal officialism could no further go.

RUTH S. ALEXANDER

The Persistent Illusion

The World of Souls. By Wincenty Lutoslawski. Preface by William James. Lincoln MacVeagh: The Dial Press. $3.50.

WINCENTY LUTOSLAWSKI has written philosophical books in nearly every modern language; he writes English with amazing ease and lucidity. But the present collection of essays, most of them written before 1900, would doubtless have received more enthusiasm from the last decade of the nineteenth century than can be hoped for from this generation. What might have been an importance shrinks, after thirty years, to a significance. But it is a significance worth considerable attention. It displays anew a well-known phase of the state of European metaphysics after the bankruptcy of Kantianism, and it places the aspirations of the preceding age in sharp contrast with the more cautious philosophic ideals of our own.

Lutoslawski derives formally from Leibnitz and Plato, but he repudiates essentials from both: the intellectual determinism of Leibnitz, which he probably found too confining, and Plato's humility before the transcendental authority of the Idea, a libel no doubt on "the infinite dignity of the human soul." The Monad, without "windows" and functionally predetermined, becomes an autonomous Substance (Idea), metaphysically identical with itself and immortal. But he uses his sources only for the setting up of a schematism on which he drapes a Romantic *weltanschauung* familiar in its varieties since the downfall of scholasticism. Spiritually Lutoslawski is contemporaneous with the sentimental Neoplatonism of the Renaissance, with a typical mystic like the younger Pico of Mirandola. "In this career of souls prizes await us . . . raising us from the rank of men to that of gods." The rhetorical assimilation of the Human into the Divine characterizes broadly any period of so-called liberation in thought—the freedom from the jargon of German Idealism no less than the end of the fifteenth century. And in the nineteenth century this megalomania precipitated a host of rhapsodists who hypostatized Truth and Love and Nature and Being: "vital illusionists" like the author of "Le Bovaryisme," and writers like Vaihinger who, to his credit and unlike Lutoslawski, made no esoteric claims for his fiction but offered it as somehow necessary though ontologically worthless. When Lutoslawski writes: "True reason . . . confirms the noblest and best feelings," we see that the converse would be the more accurate account of the process, and immediately connect him with tendencies in Bergson. And we understand, likewise, the approval he gets from William James in the preface (1899).

The author makes a particular virtue of an identity of his present views with his attitude of about thirty years ago. The aspiration of the closing decades of the last century and "the infinite dignity of the human soul" as it has conducted itself since 1914 are hardly identical. Lutoslawski confesses to what is possibly, he says, a "persistent illusion"; his humanitarian idealism is one facet of a desire to be in tune with the world, and we are expected to infer that he is; but we are entitled to the suspicion that he has reified a persistent euphoria and mistaken it, despite his wide contacts with men, for the world itself. "The World of Souls" carries a significant moral, and that is probably all it has to say to a civilization already undone by the materialistic consequences of an idealistic and humanitarian Romanticism.

ALLEN TATE

When Hope Was Young

The Industrial Worker: 1840-1860. By Norman Ware. (Hart Schaffner and Marx Prize Essays, No. 37.) Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

TO the student of social thinking the years following 1840 constitute one of the most interesting periods in American history. The impact of the industrial revolution was making itself felt in full force in our Eastern towns. Largely in consequence, there were reforms and "movements" of all kinds everywhere. Mr. Ware's brilliantly written introduction is an interesting interpretation of the period; the body of his book consists of the mass of supporting facts, gathered largely from little known labor sources.

The industrial revolution in this country, as Mr. Ware clearly shows, brought with it a great degradation in the status of the industrial worker. The control of manufacture passed out of the hands of independent artisans into those of a new race of proprietary capitalists who had acquired their wealth in trade. The "price" of labor went down, in many occupations very sharply; but, even more important as a cause of discontent, the worker lost ground as a person. Helpless in the grip of economic forces that he could not control, he saw himself losing his old-time position of independence and consideration in the community. Hence the waves of labor revolt of the forties. Hence the extraordinary series of talkative reform movements as the intellectual friends of the worker showed him the way out of his troubles, whether by the road of association in a Fourieristic phalanx or of land reform with each man on his inalienable quarter-section. The pushing, centralizing capitalists, inevitably acquiring economic and social dominance, were upsetting the good old tradition of egalitarian-

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ism so stoutly maintained by the workers and their friends. "The forties represented the last struggle of the liberal spirit of the eighteenth century in conflict with the exploitative spirit of the nineteenth." Then came the California gold discoveries; the new spirit definitely triumphed, the idealism of the labor and reform movements was drawn into the anti-slavery struggle, and specially favored groups of workers turned their effort during the fifties toward the humdrum task of making trade gains for themselves as wage-earners through their craft unions. Mr. Ware has given a suggestive interpretation of a fascinating period, supporting his view with a wealth of detailed material.

Discouraged reformers of our own time will perhaps take fresh courage as they read again of the almost unbelievably bad living and working conditions of those good old American days. Despite the distant frontier and Horace Greeley's fervid appeal to the young man to go west, population piled up in the cities till the cellars of New York in the fifties were said to house a twentieth of the entire population of that city. Factories, like dwellings, were unventilated and insanitary; hours were long (above twelve a day in New England, despite the epic ten-hour movement of the forties); wages were scandalously low, and every sort of abuse prevailed in the manner of payment. Even the idyllic beauty of Lowell was not without its shadows in those years, and irreverent skeptics like the redoubtable Sarah Bagley went so far as to view the chaste pages of the *Lowell Offering* itself with a certain suspicion. Students need no reminder, though affrighted statesmen do, that at this time immigration reached the highest point in our history relative to population. The whole story is much like the English industrial revolution once more, a tale of wealth accumulating while men decay, a record of the attempts of those men first to escape back into the old order and then, failing that, to snatch for themselves what they could of the new wealth. Mr. Ware's careful study will help remove some misconceptions regarding the early days of industrial America. It may not be without encouragement and suggestion to the growing band of workers by hand and brain who toil at the new-old task of making industry serve the ends of life. HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Books in Brief

Social Politics in the United States. By Fred E. Haynes. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

A history of modern democracy, firmly grasped and clearly written, would show among its interesting exhibits what a large share of social progress, slowly struggled for, has been achieved through the impulses of obscure and isolated figures or groups moved by convictions they thought were capable of advancing the economic welfare of "the great society." The combination at Cleveland of numerous dissenting groups, including the Socialist Party, under the platform of a single leader able to synthesize their diverging doctrines for "progressive political action," is one case out of many. We have long needed a good single-volume history of these organizations and their leaders representing the impulses of discontent with the existing order. For many of them, after general reprobation, have attained the dignity of "third" or even "first" parties. They are important chiefly because of their little-appreciated influence in liberalizing static political tendencies. In one form or another they have very often forced their tenets upon major-party platforms and into the accepted law of the land. Such a book is Haynes's "Social Politics in the United States." Although brief, it is an authoritative and useful account of the radical political movements in American history since 1775.

Slapstick and Dumbbell. A Casual Survey of Clowns and Clowning. By Hiler Harzberg and Arthur Moss. New York: Joseph Lawren.

A spirited but scatter-brained account of the best buffoons between Cro-Magnon days and Billy Sunday.

The Tragedy of Mr. Punch. A Fantastic Play in Prologue and One Act. By Russell Thorndike and Reginald Arkell. Introductory Essay by Max Beerbohm. Boni and Liveright. $3.50.

The tragedy of Mr. Punch is that although he feels himself to be a terrible fellow and wants to be feared he is destined forever to be only laughed at, and to be loved by children. So the two playwrights. But Max, who was never in better form than he is here, refuses to find tragedy in the famous killer of babies and beadles. He is still the "great sinner," with a "frank glad smile"—almost the last really joyous bad man left on earth. And even he is passing, Max laments. What shall the world do to be saved for sin? "Preachers, please note."

Stalking Big Game with a Camera in Equatorial Africa, with a Monograph on the African Elephant. By Marius Maxwell. The Century Company. $9.

A thrilling study at close range of the elephant, the giraffe, the hippopotamus, the rhinoceros, the buffalo, and the zebra. The photographs are among the most brilliant ever taken.

Critical Studies of the Works of Charles Dickens. By George Gissing. With an Introduction and Bibliography of Gissing by Temple Scott. New York: Greenberg. $3.

Nine essays written by Gissing as introductions to volumes in a collected edition of Dickens. Valuable as supplementing one of Gissing's best books, his "Critical Study" of Dickens.

Bandello. Tragical Tales. The Complete Novels translated by Geoffrey Fenton. Modernized and edited with a Glossary by Hugh Harris. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

The Epic of the Beast, Consisting of English Translations of the History of Reynard the Fox and Physiologus. With an Introduction by William Rose. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

The Poets of the Greek Anthology: a companion volume to The Girdle of Aphrodite. Translated by F. A. Wright. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

Three more volumes in The Broadway Translations, a series which, if it continues to grow in bulk and in popularity, will soon make scholars of the multitude. Here are represented the Renaissance novel and the medieval beast-tale—father of Uncle Remus; and here is a brilliant group of sketches resurrecting personalities out of the "Greek Anthology"—portraits by a scholar and poet of Meleager, Palladas, Paul, and others hitherto but dimly seen behind their poems.

The Feis Ceoil

By HENRIETTA STRAUS

I STRUCK Dublin during the week of the Feis Ceoil, or Music Festival, and so learned of a musical Ireland. To have gleaned it from the surface of events alone would have been well-nigh impossible, as, except for the Feis, nothing musical seemed to be going on at all. There was, it is true, a large poster of Galli-Curci on a billboard outside of a theater, announcing a concert by that singer in the distant future, and leading one to surmise that such celebrities occasionally visit Dublin. And there was, too, much talk of a concert recently given by a Colonel Fritz Brase and his band. This Colonel Brase, it seems, had been the ex-Kaiser's bandmaster at Potsdam; yet it is doubtful if he was ever as much appreciated then as he is now in his less exalted state. He has been giving the enthusiastic Dubliners high-class band concerts of Wagner and other classics, and he has also been giving them excellent instruction in instrumental playing. And in so doing he has supplied a double need; for there is a dearth of good orchestral music in Dublin, and of good teaching. The money so necessary to support both is no longer to be found there, most of the wealthy families having left on account of the civil wars.

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This condition is not peculiar to Dublin alone, however, as I learned from the Feis Ceoil; for the Feis Ceoil is not a music festival in our sense of the term, but rather a national competition in music which takes place annually under the auspices of the Feis Ceoil Association. The association itself is composed of non-resident as well as resident members, but the competitors must be resident. As the latter are drawn from all over Ireland, and as the competition embraces almost every branch of musical art, one is fairly safe in judging the teaching standards of the country by the results one hears at the Feis. Talent shines through in spite of these mediocre standards, and the Feis, by stimulating public interest in music in such a practical way, is gradually attaining one of its original objects, which is "to promote the general cultivation of music in Ireland."

The main purpose of the Feis Ceoil Association, however, is "to promote the study and cultivation of Irish music" and "to collect and preserve by publication the old airs of Ireland." To this end, prizes are offered for the best solo singing of Irish songs, in English and in Irish; for the best choral and quartet singing in Irish, accompanied and unaccompanied; and for the best rendering of Irish instrumental music on the small Irish harp, the Irish pipes, and the Irish fiddle. In the field of composition there is competition for the best arrangements of Irish airs (from the Feis Ceoil Collection) for violin, 'cello, and voice solos with piano accompaniment; for voice, with accompaniment by the small Irish harp; and for piano alone. And besides these, prizes are offered for the best collections, respectively, of unpublished Irish folk tunes (three of which must be with words) and Irish traditional airs, hitherto unpublished, which may be "sung, whistled, performed on any instrument, or sent in as MS."

Were it not for this annual encouragement by the Feis Ceoil, it is doubtful whether interest in the old Irish airs and their traditions would be so general or so alive as they are today. The speaking of Gaelic itself, I have been told, until the Irish Free State came into existence, has been systematically discouraged for years, not only by the British Government but also by the Catholic church. And as the country people especially had come to look upon its use as a disgrace, this presented the greatest difficulty in the way of keeping alive the traditional singing of old Irish airs.

The musician who told me this has been laboring for years in small Irish villages to revive the making as well as the use of the small Irish harp as the accompanying instrument to this traditional singing. This harp is, of course, ideal for the purpose, as it has a charming tone, can be held on the lap while played, and presents so few intricacies that it can easily supply the simple string accompaniments which all folk songs, for that matter, require. The old Irish airs especially need such settings because of their constant tendency toward the quarter tone—particularly the folk songs of the islands, which, I am told, by those who have had the opportunity to hear both, are as wild and as beautiful as those which have been gathered in the Hebrides.

The instrumentalists seem to have preserved these traditions better, on the whole, than have the singers, for they possess a fire and abandon that the latter often lack. Indeed in the renditions of this music, as well as in the music itself, one finds that utter unreserve of expression and intensity of feeling, those extremes of humor and melancholy, usually associated only with the Slavic and Magyar races. These qualities were also in evidence in the various other contests of the Feis. While there seemed to be no one of great, outstanding genius, the general average showed sensitiveness to their art and an abundance of what we call "temperament." And perhaps the best proof of all that Ireland is fundamentally musical is that in spite of civil wars, poverty, and a general lack of musical experience and opportunity the Feis Ceoil has an unbroken record of twenty-eight consecutive years, with entries, this season, numbering more than eight hundred.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers its fifth annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest follow:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, **20 Vesey Street, New York City**, not earlier than Monday, December 1, and not later than Wednesday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 11, 1925.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Drama

Pinero the Timid

THE interest to be found in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" (Cort Theater) is almost exclusively of the sort called historical. To come upon it in a chronological reading of Pinero's work is to understand why its relative freshness and its relative truth made it seem important, but, transferred to the contemporary stage, it cannot stand comparison with even the fairly conventional plays of today; its grasp upon a social problem seems singularly timid instead of strong. Pinero himself and many more vigorous writers have helped to establish a tradition of incisiveness which even second-rate dramatists can easily follow; but a second-rate play now is likely to be superior to "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" in the very qualities which made that play famous. Its author seems to stand aghast at his temerity when he advances some now commonplace premise and to turn cautiously aside from the not very startling conclusions which stare him in the face.

Pinero's view of the demi-mondaine is sentimental and outmoded. Like most of the gallant gentlemen who rushed to the defense of the female outcast when she first became a popular figure in polite literature he did not understand her in the least, and because he would have been frightened out of his wits by any hint of the possibilities of character which lay outside the range of his observation and sympathy he assumed, for comfort's sake, that when such a person was worth any consideration at all she was merely a conventional woman whom unfortunate circumstances had led into regrettable courses. He never grasped the fact that she is interesting only when, as is often the case, her career is an expression of her character and she represents a personal de-

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fiance of the world in which she lives. Accordingly, when he wished to put this somewhat dangerous personage upon the stage he made her typical neither of the eternal harlot nor of the rationally rebellious modern woman (both real and interesting phenomena) but merely of the wronged and sentimental prostitute of the Camille tradition, who, if she ever existed, was profoundly uninteresting because profoundly weak. His Paula, having chosen the career of a spectacular demi-mondaine, never utters a syllable which would explain the demi-mondaine's philosophy or account for her life. A mere vulgarian, she longs ardently for respectability and can think of no greater joy than to have about her own table the very class of men who had used and then scorned her, but whom she admiringly describes as "the kind of men who cannot be imitated."

The problem of the misalliance with which the play deals is still an interesting one, but its center of gravity has shifted. To us a man who, like the hero, is seriously concerned over the possible disapproval of his man-servant when a lady calls at eleven p. m. is so obviously not the man to undertake social experiments that his failure hardly convinces us that the task which he undertook is one necessarily impossible of performance; a demi-mondaine who seriously considers her marriage a failure because the curate does not call is merely a very trivial person who had no business to break the major provision of the social code when in her heart she respected its minutiae. Doubtless the most daring gentleman married to a woman whose temperament was that of the born bohemian would have interesting and difficult problems to face, but to buck society while fundamentally accepting all its prejudices and all its judgments is merely folly. Pinero proves only that you cannot live outside and inside society at the same time—a fact so patent as to offer but little interest. The only question worth discussing is the question whether or not it is worth while for the sake of love, liberty, honesty, or what not to live wholly outside it; and that question Pinero has never asked because he has never understood its bearing either upon conduct or upon art.

Miss Ethel Barrymore, it would appear, despaired of making anything of the play as a play and determined to carry it over purely on the strength of her own personality. During the first half of the piece she speaks at least twice as loudly as any other member of the cast, with the result that she never seems to be living in the same world with them at all; in the third act the rising tension of the scene brings her own lines and the rest of the company up to the level of her declamation. The result is a rather distressing failure for a play which is probably in any event dead beyond revival. Paula is an impossible character, and Miss Barrymore's vocal gymnastics combined with various queenly gestures do no more than emphasize its unreality.

Mr. Ziegfeld's "Follies" (New Amsterdam Theater) have been somewhat refurbished for the fall season and are still on the whole the most gorgeous and the most lively of the reviews, although "Dixie to Broadway" (Broadhurst Theater), the new Negro musical comedy, surpasses it in one respect. Mr. Ziegfeld's beauties obviously condescend to perform their evolution, but their darker sisters (one may imagine) sometimes dance and sing for their own amusement. Accordingly "Dixie to Broadway" has a touch of what always should be but seldom is the *raison d'être* of such entertainments, namely, something very like ecstasy.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Nov. 22, 3:30 P.M. "Community Ideals" **H. W. L. Dana**

Nov. 29, 3:30 P.M. "Gandhi" **Savel Zimand**

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International Relations Section

Western Imperialism in China

BERTRAND RUSSELL'S article in the *New Leader* on China, which *The Nation* reprinted in the International Relations Section of its issue of November 5, has aroused much comment in the English-language press of the Orient. Reporting and commenting on this the *Japan Weekly Chronicle* says:

Mr. Bertrand Russell's recent attack on the British Government's China policy has drawn the expected response from the leading British papers at the treaty ports. According to the telegraphed report, Mr. Russell, writing in the weekly organ of the Independent Labor Party, the *New Leader*, declared that the rivalries among the Chinese Tuchuns—whom all decent Chinese despised—gave excuse for interference in Chinese affairs on the part of the Powers and for the extorting of concessions in return for support. The only exception to the rule that the Tuchuns were merely ambitious brigands, he affirmed, was Dr. Sun Yat-sen, to whom he paid a warm tribute as the pioneer of republicanism in China and the friend of the proletarians. The comment of the Peking and Tientsin *Times* on this article is largely a calling of names, which that paper often finds a convenient substitute for reasonableness. "An absurd effusion"—"the kind of tosh which we would expect"—"warped ideas"—"Bolshevik ideas"—"theorists and Bolshevik sympathizers"—such are the phrases that run through a short article. This yelping is not likely to trouble a man of Mr. Russell's standing in the world of thought. Coming down from the highest step of the pulpit of abuse, the editor proceeds to the dogmatic statement that Dr. Sun Yat-sen has done China a disservice by leading it to republicanism.

China certainly has her trouble today, though we get a very exaggerated idea of the disturbances by reading the reports of a little war, which hitherto has affected only an insignificant proportion of the people. A reasonable person would attempt some comparison of the present struggle with those of other countries after they had overthrown the power of a corrupt and effete tyranny, and a comparison also with the open sores of Manchu rule. But the Tientsin editor contents himself with the assertion that republicanism must be bad for China because the people are conservative and illiterate, and that therefore "nothing could be more fantastic" than to praise Dr. Sun Yat-sen.

Again he says that conditions in Canton disprove the "fiction" that Dr. Sun Yat-sen is the proletarian's friend. Yet it is a fact that organized labor in Canton has stood behind Dr. Sun steadily for the past few years. Two years ago the great complaint of the British papers in Hongkong, Shanghai, and Tientsin was that the leader had been too good a friend to the proletarians who went on strike in Hongkong, some of whom, leaving for their homes toward Canton, were fired upon in cold blood by the British police on the border of the British territory, with mortal result. The Tientsin editor can hardly have forgotten how Dr. Sun was reviled at that time for giving succor to the strikers. The readers of the *New Leader* at least will understand what Mr. Russell means when he calls Dr. Sun Yat-sen a friend of the proletarians.

The *North-China Daily News* of Shanghai is much fairer to Dr. Sun Yat-sen. It says:

> We agree with Mr. Russell to this extent that we believe Dr. Sun Yat-sen to be entirely free from sordid desires to put money in his pocket, and personally to be sincerely convinced of the doctrines he preaches. But none the less it is difficult not to think that the republicanism he pioneers is essentially "Sun Yat-senism." The record of his doings in the past few years suggests very strongly that he can believe in no system of government other than that of his own conception and that any difference of opinion he dismisses as flat blasphemy. There is no character in modern China more difficult to judge fairly than Dr. Sun Yat-sen. While we respect him as a man, the plain fact is that he has been nothing but a cause of strife and unhappiness to his fellow-countrymen; and as for Mr. Russell's flowery description of him as "the proletariat's friend" we need only point to the state of Canton and Kuantung under his administration.

The editor, like his colleagues in Tientsin, overlooks the abuse that his own paper showered on Dr. Sun a couple of years ago for his friendship toward the proletarians in the Hongkong seamen's strike and subsequent general strike. The comment is not, however, so illogical as it appears. The two editors are not at all impressed by the active support given to Dr. Sun by the articulate leaders of organized Labor. They probably consider that the masses of the people would be happier in peaceful slavery than with a Moses leading them from their fleshpots out into the desert to seek freedom. Bearing this in mind, the reader will find the Shanghai editor's tribute to Dr. Sun's honesty truly eloquent.

The most serious point on which the papers assail Mr. Russell's criticism is that of the inclination of the Powers to take advantage of dissensions among the Chinese. The *North-China Daily News*, after quoting the report of Mr. Russell's contention, above mentioned, says: "This is nothing else but a deliberate attempt to arouse the worst section in China against the foreigner. . . . As for concessions extorted 'in return for support,' we challenge Mr. Russell to point to one single example of such a thing since the republic began." The Peking and Tientsin *Times* offers a similar challenge: "We should be interested to learn of a single instance since the end of the Great War in which a civil war in China has been made the occasion for interference and the extorting of concessions by the British Government."

Both editors are careful to confine their challenge to a very limited period. It appears from the report that Mr. Russell was simply pointing out a tendency. Even if the denials of the editors were valid—we believe they are not—the very manner of their challenge admits that the tendency has existed. If it has been held in check for a few years, that is no guaranty that it will not assert itself again now. The Powers have been too busy with affairs in Europe for some time to put their fingers into the China pudding. But Europe is becoming calmer, and China once more looms large in the eyes of the great Powers. As for the bankers' consortium, its power to restrain international rivalry for the plums is at least open to doubt.

But take the challenges as they are: Would the editors deny that the wireless contracts over which British, American, and Japanese firms have been in conflict were in the nature of efforts to extort concessions during a time of civil strife in China? The concession to Mitsui of Japan came first. It was contracted in February, 1918, when the Anfu Party was in power. Now the "China Year Book," issued by the editor of the Peking and Tientsin *Times* himself, records that the Anfu Party was enabled to maintain a precarious hold of office by the financial support of Japan, and this has been admitted also in the Japanese Diet. Japan claims that the concession gave the Mitsui Company a monopoly of wireless for the whole of China—a country comparable to Europe in area and population, be it remembered. Was this not a case of extorting a concession in return for support to one party in the civil strife?

However, the Tientsin editor confines himself cautiously to absolving Britain from such dealings. But what of the Marconi concession, obtained from the Chinese Ministry of War in the following year? This has also been claimed as a monopolistic concession. The agreement was signed in May, 1919, at the time of the strong agitation against the Anfu Party's government—an agitation which compelled some of the leaders

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to resign, though the party as a whole retained office for some time longer. It has been proved in a British court that the Marconi company resorted to bribery to obtain the concession. (The successive governments at Peking for some time have been so corrupt that it is doubtful whether any concessions have been obtained without bribery.) It would be hardly correct to describe bribery as a process of extortion, but the concession was obtained by support—silver bullets—granted to one of the parties engaged in political strife in China.

To continue the story, it was late in 1920 that the Anfu Party was overthrown and it was in January, 1921, that the Federal Wireless Company of the United States obtained a concession for building wireless stations in China. Since that time America and Japan have had a standing dispute over this matter, with periodical wordy warfare. What support, if any, Marconi has had from the British Government is not clear. But the general character of these transactions alone seems to justify the apprehensions of Mr. Russell that the Powers, acting either in concert or in rivalry, will find excuse for intervention and the winning of concessions during the present civil war.

If we go back over the history of China since the revolution we find additional convincing evidence. It will suffice to mention the international loan granted to Yuan Shih-kai against the protest of the Parliament when the republic was formed, the placing of the salt-tax collections under international control (1913), the notorious "Nishihara" Japanese loans to the Anfu Party already mentioned (1918), and, on the part of Britain, the attempt of the Cassel interests to get a very extensive mining concession in South China from the enemies of Dr. Sun Yat-sen. It will be remembered that the British Government backed this scheme, though it was not carried through.

Naturally the two British editors in China miss the main point of Mr. Russell's article—his sympathy with the Labor Government struggling to devise a liberal international policy when the sources of its information for the most part are the writings of such editors and correspondents as those whom we have quoted and the dispatches of diplomats who take a similar point of view. The Government is truly to be pitied. But it is difficult to see any way out. The Labor Government would be foolish to send out a force of Labor diplomats until its position is very much stronger, and Labor news agencies cannot afford to maintain correspondents all over the world as the great capitalist papers can do. Moreover, Labor representatives of the type that Mr. Russell seems to have in mind would be but voices crying in the wilderness in a country like China. Their own country's gunboats and garrisons, concessions, loans, and immunity from Chinese laws and from many of the taxes would place them in a false position from the outset. They would be helpless unless they had a government at home with the conviction and courage to take a stand against the whole machinery and the very ideal of imperialism.

Marshal Foch on Peace

MARSHAL FOCH was interviewed recently by the *Revue Hebdomadaire* (Paris) as follows:

Q. On what conditions does the Marshal think France might put its faith in the League of Nations?

A. The Marshal has always believed that the League lacked two things: (1) The European nations most interested in the maintenance of peace and in European affairs should have a preponderant voice in the Geneva assemblies; (2) the League of Nations should possess practical means of forcing respect for its decisions, either by means of an international army or, in some manner to be determined, by control of the national forces of one or several countries.

Q. Does the Marshal believe that the League will some day be able to provide a system of international guaranties which will lighten the military burdens of the nations?

A. Yes. But the two conditions just mentioned must first be fulfilled. Reduction of armaments can only be a corollary of guaranties of security, and these will be vain unless the Powers directly interested in the maintenance of peace have a predominating influence in decisions made at Geneva.

Reduction of armaments for France is further dependent upon the disarmament of Germany. Supervision of the disarmament of Germany cannot be confided to the League until (1) the inventory of German armament and the complete execution of the treaty clauses, which have been asked by the Allies, have been accomplished and checked up; (2) until there has been a definition of the methods by which the League shall exercise the right of investigation granted but not defined by Article 213 of the Treaty of Versailles. The application of this clause involves problems which must be solved if international supervision is not to be a mere illusion. Until they have been solved Article 213 cannot be regarded as an effective guaranty of peace.

Q. One often hears the suggestion of replacing the motto: "Si vis pacem para bellum" (If you wish peace prepare for war) by another: "Si vis pacem cole justitiam" (If you wish peace do justice). What does the Marshal think of it?

A. The Marshal thinks what all soldiers of heart think of it: that nothing is more desirable than to establish the reign of justice; that war-making is an abominable profession; that it is frightful to shed blood and to destroy wealth, and that everything must be tried to prevent the return of such calamities; that the League of Nations is a generous idea, seductive, perhaps full of possibilities, but that it must be strengthened by time and by men before it can be trusted alone to guarantee peace.

The signatures of Mahatma Gandhi, Rabindranath Tagore, C. F. Andrews, and others to the White Cross anti-opium petition, a facsimile of which was printed in the International Relations Section for November 5, were obtained through the efforts of Taraknath Das, author of "India in World Polities."

Contributors to This Issue

A. HAMILTON GIBBS is a brother of Sir Philip Gibbs, the war correspondent, and of Cosmo Hamilton (Gibbs), the poet. He fought through the entire period of the World War, entering the British army as a private and coming out as a major of artillery with a decoration.

BEATRICE M. HINKLE is a physician and psychoanalyst, the author of "The Re-creating of the Individual."

ISABELLE KENDIG, formerly membership secretary for the National Woman's Party, was executive secretary of the National Women's Division of the La Follette-Wheeler campaign.

WILLIAM MACDONALD, formerly an associate editor of *The Nation*, is the author of numerous books on American history and politics.

ANGUS BURRELL is one of the authors of a recent volume, "Dead-Reckonings in Fiction."

RUTH S. ALEXANDER is a journalist in Cape Town.

ALLEN TATE is associate editor of the *Fugitive*, a magazine of verse published in Nashville, Tennessee.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, formerly managing editor of *The Nation*, is professor of economics in Wellesley College.

HENRIETTA STRAUS, *The Nation's* music correspondent, is at present in Sweden.

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